THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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The High-Rolling Steel Rollers

By Paul Latzke

Muffles, the Bar-Keep'

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Summer Girls & Idle Fellows

By Jerome K. Jerome

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By Henry Kitchell Webster

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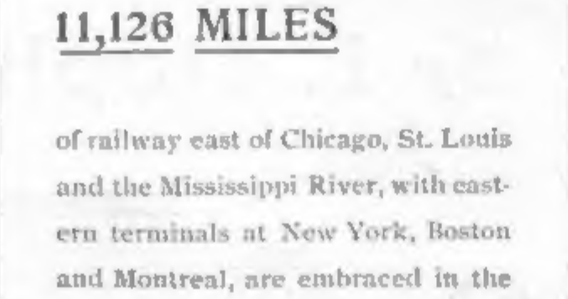

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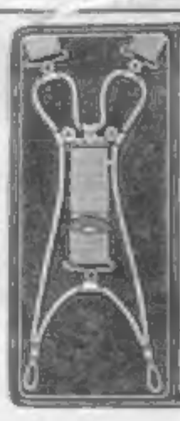

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THE HIGH-ROLLING STEEL ROLLERS

The Plutocrats of Labor

By Paul Latzke

THE ten-inch mill was in trouble when I came upon Davie, our first meeting. A bloom had stuck. The rolls were chewing at it with the fierceness of the tiger and the rattle of thunder. But there it hung, white hot, unmoved and unmoving. A swarm of men hovered over it, pushing with long iron rods, throwing great handfuls of sand, seeking to ease it from below with huge hammers. The very devil seemed to be in the bloom. With all the pounding and coaxing and manipulating, it gave not an inch to the rolls that were clutching at it so greedily. The trouble was the scale that forms during the heating process. It "greases," and the rolls, for all their power, are often unable to take hold and push the bloom through, but slide instead.

The noise was deafening. With the clatter of iron and steel all around, and the wild pounding of machinery, came this hoarse straining of the stalled roll, rending the ear and holding the spirit in suspense.

Suddenly came a shrill cannonading, as though a score of machine guns had been shot off in a bunch. The machinery or the bloom, or both, had burst under the strain. I thought the air was full of flying débris, the ground strewn with the mangled corpses of men. After a moment I opened my eyes. To my amazement everything was running along as before. Only the grinding that had come of the obstinate bloom was cut out. The noise had settled down to a steady, businesslike swing. The mill was moving again like clockwork.

"What happened?" I asked in a dazed way of the superintendent.

"Happened? Nothing."

"But the explosion?"

"Oh!" said he with a smile. "The explosion. That was only some salt Davie threw on the bloom when it finally consented to move. Salt, you know, when thrown on hot iron explodes under pressure, and as it passes under the rolls the concussion blows the scale off."

The House and Horses of a Roller

Thereupon I looked around once more for Davie, as it was on his account I had come. The superintendent a few hours before had shown me Davie's house, a charming place, set in an emerald background of smoothly cut lawn, dotted plentifully with flower-beds. It commanded a fine view of the river, and was well hidden from the grimy, rattling mill where Davie worked, three miles away, in McKeesport. It was smiling, serene country, all upland, the stream winding in and out like a silver band. The place might have been the home of a prosperous merchant or manufacturer. The grounds were spacious and the appointments perfect. The house must have contained fourteen or fifteen rooms. The windows all showed curtains of filmy lace. The panes glistened like crystal in their spotlessness. On the wide piazza were comfortable chairs and plenty of cushions.

"And that," I asked in amaze, "is the home of a roller?"

"Yes, sir," said the superintendent; "a plain, ordinary, common roller; a mechanic; a man who goes to work every morning at three o'clock when he has the day-turn and keeps at it steadily for twelve hours. When he has the night-turn he goes to work at three o'clock in the afternoon for a twelve-hour stretch, and that holds good for every day in the week, every week in the year, except when the mills shut down through a strike or some other trouble. He carries his dinner in a tin pail, though I don't mind saying it's a very good dinner."

"He seems to keep a horse, too," I suggested, looking at a substantial stable that stood in the rear of the grounds.

"Why, yes," he admitted, "Davie does keep a horse. In fact, he keeps two, and they are as fine a team as may be seen anywhere in Allegheny County, not excluding Pittsburg. When he drives that team through Schenley Park on a Sunday you'd probably agree it would tax the resources of a millionaire to provide a finer outfit. Would you like to see it?"

Now, a fine horse is a fine horse and there is no particular use wasting space attempting to describe this roller's team. But there was something in that stable worth particular description. It was a pair of the most beautiful ponies I have ever seen in my life, not excepting those shown at the Madison Square Horse Show each year when the children of the Goulds and the Vanderbilts turn out their finest possessions. It was a blue-ribbon pair of ponies, stallions, with arching necks, perfect heads, beautiful eyes, coats like velvet. Their dainty hoofs shone like the freshly manicured nails of a lady of fashion. Their coats glistened, and their manes hung as soft and curling and fluffy as the hair of a young girl.

"These, too, belong to the roller?"

"To his boy. He bought them for the boy, I believe, as a Christmas or birthday present. There's the trap the ponies are driven to." It might have served as a parlor ornament. Of a height to match the ponies, it was built of quartered oak, rubber-tired and nickel-trimmed. The two lanterns at the dashboards looked like show ornaments in a jeweler's window. It was from end to end a perfect specimen in miniature of the carriage-builder's art.

A ROLLER'S HOME AT McKEESPORT

"A pretty nice outfit altogether, horses and ponies and carriage, isn't it?" smiled the superintendent, impressed by my admiration.

"I suppose he drives to work every day?"

"Not he. He walks to work. Thinks far too much of his horses to use them like that. No, sir; he pulls himself out of bed about two o'clock in the morning, and trudges the three miles to the mill, for at that hour, you know, trolley cars don't run. In winter-time, when the thermometer is ten or fifteen degrees below zero, as we frequently have it here, it's no soft snap to plow your way through snow and ice on a pitch-dark night. But Davie never misses a day."

The Highest-Paid Labor of the World

But, after all, the most fascinating thing about Davie to my mind was not his house or his horses or his un-Christian hours, but his income.

"About twenty-five dollars a day is his average wage at the mill," the superintendent told me. "In the course of a year he will earn in the neighborhood of seven or eight thousand dollars."

This seemed incredible. Twenty-five dollars a week is an exceptional wage for the mechanic in other walks of life. To find what manner of workman was he who made as much in a day had brought me out to Western Pennsylvania. Davie had been picked out for me as a fair type. A compact, well-made man, I found him, something over forty, with flat, strong hands, well-muscled arms, and a good eye. The livid light from the superheated iron that passed through his mill picked out his features very sharply, despite the grime and dirt that lay thick upon them. A good workman and a faithful one they showed him, but by no means superior to hundreds whom I had known in New York with weekly incomes no greater than Davie's for a day.

The roller is the plutocrat of the labor world. A study of his existence, as a class, is interesting, particularly at this time, for he is undoubtedly on the wane. A few years more will see his end, not as a roller, but as a plutocrat. The beginning of the end has come already. To-day, men like Davie are by no means the invariable rule. There are probably not over forty per cent. among the rollers employed in Western Pennsylvania who make wages as good as Davie's. The average is much nearer fifteen than twenty-five dollars a day. Only a few years ago the average roller's wages ran from forty to a hundred dollars a day. There were plenty of men in the field who made fifteen thousand dollars a year, quite a number who made twenty and some who made thirty thousand dollars. Now there are any number of first-class men who are content with three thousand dollars a year. This is the pay of all the men at Homestead, the most important works in the iron district. Before the great strike at Homestead there was not a roller in the place who made less than two hundred and fifty dollars a week, and quite a number who made twice as much. The strike, for which the rollers were mainly responsible, proved their Waterloo. When work was resumed after the long, fierce battle, not one of the old, high-priced men was reemployed. In their places new ones were broken in, and for the first time something

like a uniform earning rate was established among all the mills. Ten dollars a day was decided upon as fair wages and a tonnage rate was fixed for each mill which would yield the rollers about this sum each day. Under the old order of things, the roller had always employed his own helpers, and paid them almost what he pleased. When the roller ruled their destiny, the pay of most of these was exceedingly small, running down to a dollar and a half a day. Now the company hires the men, and the lowest rate at Homestead is about three dollars. The roller's chief assistant gets five dollars a day. All hands are paid, as in the past, according to the tonnage produced.

The downfall of the roller at Homestead affected the craft in the entire iron field, but not to the same extent as at the source of the trouble. It swept away entirely the incomes that had ranged from forty to one hundred dollars a day, but left numerous men who made, as they are making to-day, twenty-five dollars.

The Man at the Furnace Door

The heater ranks next after the roller in the steel industry. At Homestead their rank is equal so far as pay is concerned. But this condition is exceptional and is confined practically to the Carnegie Company's property. To make a good heater requires a true eye and a strong, robust physique. The heater is the man who has charge of the furnaces in which the metal is heated for the rolls. He must regulate the amount of fuel consumed and decide when the metal is at the proper temperature for rolling. It must be neither too hot nor too cold. In the former case it will come out burnt and rough at the edges after it passes through the rolls. If it has not been heated enough, it will not pass readily through the rolls and may even do serious damage on account of its lack of pliability. To determine whether the ingots or billets or blooms, or whatever he may be handling, are ready for rolling, the heater must depend entirely upon his eye, and it is there that the expertness for which he is paid comes in. But that this expertness is not difficult to acquire seems clear from the recent experiences of the National Tube Company, at McKeesport.

When the mill hands went on strike there some months ago, joining with the Amalgamated Association in an effort to fight the United States Steel Corporation, which now owns the tube mills, all the heaters went out with the other hands. When peace was restored the superintendent seized the opportunity to get rid of a lot of poor material among his force of heaters, men who were unreliable. In their places he put new men, green hands. These he took principally from among his clerical force. One of the clerks was an expert football player, a great, powerful fellow, who held a record as an all-round athlete. He was earning fifty dollars a month. The superintendent said to him:

"Look here, why don't you go into the mill? You are making twelve dollars a week here pushing a pencil, and have got about as far as you can. If you will take a furnace I'll make a heater of you, and you can earn as much in a day as you are now earning in a week."

The young man demurred at first. In the office he had to work only eight or nine hours, and could wear clean shirts and stiff collars. The work was light and the surroundings pleasant. The mill meant twelve hours a day in front of a fierce blaze and in an atmosphere of grime. The young man pointed out these objections and added:

"I want to study to be a lawyer. If I go to the furnaces I should be too tired to give any time to books in the evenings."

But the superintendent kept at him. He knew that this big-boned, lusty clerk would be just the man to make a good heater, for in addition to a physique that was as good as that of any mill workers, he had a degree of intelligence which, though not of a nature to set the Thames afire, was above the average found among those who do the hard, manual labor in the great steel establishments.

"You'll never make a phenomenal success as a lawyer," the superintendent said to him, "and more than likely you'll have a hard time to make bread and butter. Whereas, if you go at heating, you'll have an income, almost at the start, bigger than that enjoyed by most of the lawyers in McKeesport."

In the end this logic prevailed. The clerk who, eight months ago, was making twelve dollars a week, is now making as much in a day, a financial rise that would probably be impossible in any other industry. Several other young men were similarly changed from twelve or fifteen dollar clerks into seventy-five-dollars-a-week heaters, and they are all doing good work. At first they necessarily spoiled a good deal of material, but the mill administration was willing to put up with this for the time being in order to train for its service a class of heaters superior to the average.

Generally the heaters go into the mills as boys. As they grow up they often take to drink, because the hard labor and the intense heat breed exhaustion that can in no other way be so quickly overcome as through the use of alcohol. A considerable number there are, however, who resist the temptation to drink, who save their money and retire at the end of ten or twelve years on a fair competency.

The introduction of mechanical heating devices is increasing this class very rapidly. Ordinarily the heater and his helpers place the metal in the furnace and take it out again by means of huge tongs attached by chains to pulleys. This necessitates their going directly in front of the furnace doors, where the heat strikes them full and fair in the face. The mechanical heater, which is generally controlled by electricity, is a huge arm attached to a platform on which sits a craneman, who, by means of levers, manipulates the arm so that it picks up the cold metal, carries it to the furnace door, opens the door, and deposits it in the flame. By means of a slide, the heater determines when the metal has been sufficiently fired, and then the mechanism is set to work again to lift it out and deposit it on the rolls.

It is one of the peculiarities of the iron industry that there seems to be absolutely no uniformity in the wage system. Except at Homestead, there are probably no two rollers in the same mill who get the same pay, though their work may require exactly the same amount of skill and endurance. Heaters, theoretically, are all on an even keel in the iron industry. Practically they are anywhere from two to five dollars a day apart in the various mills. Melters and blowers, the men who have charge respectively of the open hearth and the Bessemer steel converting furnaces, also in theory get the same pay, but in practice they fare much as rollers and heaters. At Homestead the melters make ten dollars a day. At McKeesport and in some of the South Pittsburg mills, they make from five to seven dollars a day, and so with the blowers.

It is undoubtedly true that the most scientific and logical all-round wage system is that at Homestead. The Carnegie Company, when it separated from the Amalgamated Association, remodeled its pay system, and men are much more nearly on an equality as to the compensation they get in proportion to responsibility and class of work. The larger pay that goes to certain classes like heaters and rollers at other mills, is at Homestead divided among the assistants and helpers, so that the average is much more nearly uniform. Now that eighty or eighty-five per cent. of the steel industry

A ROLLER OUT FOR A DRIVE BEHIND HIS TEAM OF TROTTERS

is controlled by one corporation, it is almost inevitable that the Homestead system will be spread throughout the Western iron district, and that there will be a readjustment of wages which will soon put an end to startling differences.

The Drop in Wages that is Bound to Come

Wherever the leveling process in payment of wages has been introduced, the iron-workers have been very quick to adjust themselves to the new conditions. Though even now there are a considerable number, especially among the rollers, who lead extravagant lives, the majority have settled down into steady, quiet, economical paths, living modestly and laying by their money. They appreciate the fact that the day of five or ten thousand dollar incomes is practically ended, and are preparing for the change.

But this cutting down of high pay is also cutting down the old sources of labor supply. In the past, a roller generally brought up his sons to follow in his footsteps. To-day it is noticed in every mill town that the roller's children are being sent out into the world as professional men or merchants, or into other pursuits. Only a few, comparatively, find their way into the mills, a fact that is causing some concern to the managers.

The great majority of the mill workers are foreigners. Only a comparatively few of these, however, are to be found in the higher ranks. The rollers, heaters, melters and blowers are almost invariably Americans. Latterly Swedes have found their way into these classes, and they have given thorough satisfaction. The Swede is a natural iron-worker, Swedish iron being to-day the standard of the world. The Swede is also a steady, sober, industrious, reliable man, and his advent has brought much satisfaction to the mill owners. It is on him that they are largely relying to fill the gaps caused by the defection of the native-born Americans. But even the Swedes, in the second generation, rarely go into the mills. They, too, are sending their children into other walks. At Homestead the managers are endeavoring to meet the situation by interesting the growing generation in the scientific and theoretical side of iron-making. In connection with the Carnegie Library, which was established there some years ago, drawing-classes, reading-rooms and club-rooms have been established to attract the young folks and hold them. It is hoped in this way to prevent their migration to other fields. At McKeesport, too, similar work is being carried on by the mill managers.

A Striking Amalgamation of Classes

The situation is more difficult in the congested districts like Pittsburg, where there are no such opportunities for getting in close touch with the mill employees. In the small towns there is a fine democracy between managers and workmen. They live as neighbors and are on a footing of wholesome equality. At Homestead, the general superintendent, C. A. Dinkey, lives on one corner of the street, his assistant superintendent lives on the other, and the adjoining house is occupied by "Tom" Duncan, a roller who has been in the mills of Western Pennsylvania since childhood, and who is esteemed one of the best citizens of the place. At McKeesport, J. P. Ayers, the superintendent of the National Tube Company rolling mill, has for his next-door neighbor an engineer in the mill, and all about him live the workers under his charge. In these smaller mill towns it is often the case that the officers of the corporations that control the mills are members of the same lodge, the same church, and often of the same social organization, with men who are employed in the mills.

Neither money nor position counts in these places. A man is judged by the simple standard of right living, and it is not infrequently the case that the young man who is working as assistant roller or heater or melter is courting the daughter of the leading banker or merchant of the town. The son of the richest man in McKeesport has for his wife a roller's daughter. This condition is comparatively new, and is one of the most promising signs. In former times, and that means only eight or ten years ago, many of the mill workers, from the rollers down, were a wild, roistering, uncouth set. They earned royally and spent prodigally. Even to-day there are cases in which a mill worker's wife will go to Pittsburg for her shopping, dressed in a fifty-dollar bonnet, sealskin sack, diamonds, and calico gown. She will buy in the most reckless fashion of the finest that the market provides and her table will be loaded with the most expensive delicacies, served often without a tablecloth. She will be utterly incapable of introducing any of the refining influences into her home, and Monday morning will find her busy at the washtub. The influences that have come of compulsory education and the liberal planting of libraries are changing this condition very largely. The garish, stiff, uncomfortable homes, ornamented with brass clocks, cheap fringed rugs, ugly curtains and shrieking wall paper, are giving way to homes that, on the whole, will compare favorably with those to be found in any community in the country. The fathers and mothers as a general thing are still of the old stock, and have instinctively the old tastes, but the children are introducing gentler ideas and are bringing to their aid a new class of decorators and furnishers.

Most of the old-time rollers scorned to accept the reduction from forty and a hundred dollars a day to fifteen and twenty-five a day, and drifted elsewhere. A few had sufficient money to retire. Of all the old retinue at Homestead, only one remains at that place, a Welshman. He is estimated to be worth over a hundred thousand dollars and is a director in the principal bank of the place.

Editor's Note—In the next issue of The Saturday Evening Post, a second paper by Mr. Latzke will tell of the Puddler, the Ishmael of the iron mills, and the Hammerman, the most picturesque figure of his trade.

SUMMER GIRLS AND IDLE FELLOWS

By Jerome K. Jerome

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"A DIMPLED CHIN CAN, AND OFTEN DOES, SECURE FOR A GIRL THE BEST OF HUSBANDS"

WHAT woman suffers from," said the Philosopher, "is overpraise. It has turned her head."

"You admit, then, that she has a head?" demanded the College Girl.

"It has always been a theory of mine," returned the Philosopher, "that by Nature she was intended to possess one. It is her admirers who have always represented her as brainless."

"Why is it that the brainy girl invariably has straight hair?" asked the Woman of the World.

"Because she doesn't curl it," explained the College Girl. She spoke somewhat snappishly, it seemed to me.

"I never thought of that," murmured the Woman of the World.

"It is to be noted in connection with the argument," I ventured to remark, "that we hear but little concerning the wives of intellectual men. When we do, as in the case of the Carlyles, it is to wish we had not."

"When I was younger even than I am now," said the Minor Poet, "I thought a good deal of marriage—very young men do. My wife, I told myself, must be a woman of mind. Yet, curiously, of all the women I have ever loved, no single one has been remarkable for intellect—present company, as usual, of course, excepted."

"Why is it," sighed the Philosopher, "that in the most serious business of our life, marriage, serious considerations count for next to nothing? A dimpled chin can, and often does, secure for a girl the best of husbands; while virtue and understanding combined cannot be relied upon to obtain for her even one of the worst."

"I think the explanation is," replied the Minor Poet, "that, as regards, let us say, the most natural business of our life, marriage, our natural instincts alone are brought into play."

The thin, white hands of the Old Maid fluttered, troubled, where they lay upon her lap. "Why should we seek to explain away all the beautiful things of life?" she said. She spoke with a heat unusual to her. "The blushing lad, so timid, so devotional, worshiping as at the shrine of some mystic saint; the young girl moving, spellbound, among dreams! They think of nothing but one another."

"Tracing a mountain stream to its sombre source need not mar its music for us as it murmurs through the valley," expounded the Philosopher. "The hidden law of our being feeds each leaf of our life as sap runs through the tree. The transient blossom, the ripened fruit, is but its changing outward form."

"I hate going to the roots of things," said the Woman of the World. "Poor, dear papa was so fond of doing that. He would explain to us the genesis of oysters just when we were enjoying them. Poor mamma could never bring herself to touch them after that. While in the middle of dessert he would stop to argue with my Uncle Paul whether pig's blood or bullock's was the best for grape-vines. I remember the year before Emily came out her favorite pony died: I have never known her so cut up about anything before or since. She asked papa if he would mind her having the poor creature buried in the garden. Her idea was that she would visit now and then its grave and weep a while. Papa was awfully nice about it and stroked her hair. 'Certainly, my dear,' he said, 'we will have him laid to rest in the new strawberry bed.' Just then old Pardoe, the head gardener, came up to us and touched his hat. 'Well, I was just going to inquire of Miss Emily,' he said, 'if she wouldn't rather have the poor thing buried under one of the nectarine trees. They ain't been doing very well of late.' He said it was a pretty spot, and that he would put up a sort of stone. Poor Emily didn't seem to care much where the animal was buried by that time, so we left them arguing the question. I forget how it was settled; but we neither of us ate either strawberries or nectarines for the next two years."

"There is a time for everything," agreed the Philosopher. "With the lover penning poetry to the wondrous red and white upon his mistress's cheek, we do not discuss the subject of pigment in the blood, its cause and probable duration. Nevertheless, the subject is interesting."

"We men and women," continued the Minor Poet, "we are Nature's favorites, her hope, for whom she has made sacrifice, putting aside so many of her own convictions, telling herself she is old-fashioned. She has let us go from her to the strange school where they laugh at all her notions. We have learned new, strange ideas that bewilder the good dame. Yet, returning home, it is curious to notice how little, in the few essential things of life, we differ from her other children, who have never wandered from her side. Our vocabulary has been extended and elaborated, yet face to face with the realities of existence it is unavailing. Clasping the living, standing beside the dead, our language still is but a cry. Our wants have grown more complicated; the ten-course banquet, with all that it involves, has substituted itself for the handful of fruit and nuts gathered without labor; the stalled ox and a world of trouble for the dinner of herbs and leisure therewith. Are we so far removed thereby above our little brother, who, having swallowed his simple, succulent worm, mounts a neighboring twig and with easy digestion carols thanks to God?

"The square brick box about which we move, hampered at every step by wooden lumber, decked with many rags and strips of colored paper, cumbered with odds and ends of melted flint and moulded clay, has replaced the cheap, convenient cave. We clothe ourselves in the skins of other animals instead of allowing our own to develop into a natural protection. We hang about us bits of stone and metal, but underneath it all we are little two-legged animals, struggling with the rest to live and breed. Beneath each hedgerow in the springtime we can read our own romances in the making—the first faint stirring of the blood, the roving eye, the sudden marvelous discovery of the indispensable She, the wooing, the denial, hope, coquetry, despair, contention, rivalry, hate, jealousy, love, bitterness, victory and death. Our comedies, our tragedies, are being played upon each blade of grass. In fur and feather we run epitomized."

"I know," said the Woman of the World; "I have heard it all so often. It is nonsense. I can prove it to you."

"That is easy," observed the Philosopher. "The Sermon on the Mount itself has been proved nonsense—among others, by a bishop. Nonsense is the severe side of the pattern—the tangled ends of the thread that Wisdom weaves."

"There was a Miss Askew in my class," said the College Girl. "She agreed with every one. With Marx she was a Socialist, with Carlyle a believer in benevolent despotism, with Spinoza a materialist, with Newman almost a fanatic. I had a long talk with her before we left, and tried to understand her; she was an interesting girl. 'I think,' she said, 'I could choose among them if only they would answer one another. But they don't. They won't listen to one another. They only repeat their own case.'"

"There never is an answer," explained the Philosopher. "The kernel of every sincere opinion is truth. This life contains only the questions—the solutions to be published in a future issue."

"She was a curious sort of young woman," smiled the College Girl; "we used to laugh at her."

"I can quite believe it," commented the Philosopher.

"It is so like shopping," said the Old Maid.

"Like shopping!" exclaimed the College Girl.

The Old Maid blushed. "I was merely thinking," she said. "It sounds foolish. The idea occurred to me."

"You were thinking of the difficulty of choosing?" I suggested.

"Yes," answered the Old Maid. "They will show you so many different things, one is quite unable—at least, I know it is so in my own case. I get quite angry with myself. It seems so weak-minded, but I cannot help it. This very dress I have on now——"

"It is very charming," said the Woman of the World, "in itself. I have been admiring it. Though I confess I think you look even better in dark colors."

"You are quite right," replied the Old Maid; "myself, I hate it. But you know how it is. I seemed to have been all the morning in the shop. I felt so tired. If only——"

The Old Maid stopped abruptly. "I beg your pardon," she said, "I'm afraid I've interrupted."

"I am so glad you told us," said the Philosopher. "Do you know that seems to me an explanation?"

"Of what?" asked the College Girl.

"Of how so many of us choose our views; we don't like to come out of the shop without something."

"But you were about to explain," continued the Philosopher, turning to the Woman of the World, "to prove a point."

"That I had been talking nonsense," the Minor Poet reminded her; "if you are sure it will not tire you."

"Not at all," answered the Woman of the World; "it is quite simple. The gift of civilization cannot be the meaningless rubbish you advocates of barbarism would make out. I remember Uncle Paul bringing us home a young monkey he had caught in Africa. With the aid of a few logs we fitted up a sort of stage-tree for this little brother of mine, as I suppose you would call him, in the gun-room. It was an admirable imitation of the thing to which he and his ancestors must have been for thousands of years accustomed; and for the first two nights he slept perched among its branches. On the third the little brute turned the poor cat out of its basket and slept on eiderdown, after which no more tree for him, real or imitation. At the end of three months, if we offered him monkey-nuts he would snatch them from our hands and throw them at our heads. He much preferred gingerbread and weak tea with plenty of sugar; and when we wanted him to leave

—"STRIVING, WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE MARTYR, TO FEEL ENTHUSIASM"

the kitchen fire and enjoy a run in the garden, we had to carry him out swearing—I mean he swearing, of course. I quite agree with him. I much prefer this chair on which I am sitting—this 'wooden lumber' as you term it—to the most comfortable lump of old red sandstone that the best-furnished cave could possibly afford; and I am degenerate enough to fancy that I look very nice in this frock—much nicer than my brothers or sisters to whom it originally belonged; they didn't know how to make the best of it."

"You would look charming in anything," I said, "even ——"

"I know what you are going to say," interrupted the Woman of the World; "please don't. It's very shocking, and, besides, I don't agree with you. I should have had a

Editor's Note—This is the second of six papers by Mr. Jerome. The third will appear July 25.

thick, coarse skin, with hair all over me, and nothing by way of a change."

"I am contending," said the Minor Poet, "that what we choose to call civilization has done little beyond pandering to our animal desires. Your argument confirms my theory. Your evidence in support of civilization comes to this—that it can succeed in tickling the appetites of a monkey. You need not have gone back so far. The noble savage of to-day flings aside his clear spring water to snatch at the missionary's gin. He will even discard his feathers, which at least were picturesque, for a chimney-pot hat innocent of nap. Plaid trousers and cheap champagne follow in due course. Where is the advancement? Civilization provides us with more luxuries for our bodies. That I grant you. Has it brought us any real improvement that could not have been arrived at sooner by other roads?"

"It has given us art," said the College Girl.

"When you say 'us'," replied the Minor Poet, "I presume you are referring to the one person in half a million to whom art is anything more than a name. Dismissing the countless hordes who have absolutely never heard the word, and confining attention to the few thousands scattered about Europe and America who prate of it, how many of even these do you think it really influences, entering into their lives, refining, broadening them? Watch the faces of the thin but conscientious crowd, streaming wearily through our miles of picture galleries and art museums, gaping, with guide-book in hand, at ruined temple or cathedral tower, striving, with the spirit of the martyr, to feel enthusiasm for Old Masters—at which, left to themselves, they would enjoy a good laugh. Not more than one in twelve enjoys what he is looking at, and he by no means is bound to be the best of the dozen. Nero was a genuine lover of art; and in modern times August the Strong of Saxony, 'the man of sin,' as Carlyle calls him, has left undeniable proof behind him that he was a connoisseur of the first water. Are we so sure that art does elevate?"

"You are talking for the sake of talking," said the College Girl.

"One can talk for the sake of thinking also," the Minor Poet reminded her. "The argument is one that has to be faced. But admitting that art has been of service to mankind on the whole, that it possesses one-tenth of the soul-forming properties claimed for it in the advertisements—which I take to be a generous estimate—its effect upon the world at large still remains infinitesimal."

"It works down," maintained the College Girl. "From the few it spreads to the many."

"The process appears to be somewhat slow," answered the Minor Poet. "The result, whatever it may be worth, we might have obtained sooner by doing away with the middle man."

"What middle man?" demanded the College Girl.

"The artist," explained the Minor Poet; "the man who has turned the whole thing into a business, the shopman who sells emotions over the counter. A Corot, a Turner, is, after all, but a poor apology compared with a walk in spring through the Black Forest or the view from Hampstead Heath on a November afternoon. Had we been less occupied acquiring 'the advantages of civilization,' working upward through the weary centuries to the city slum, the corrugated iron-roofed farm, we might have found time to learn to love the beauty of the world. As it is, we have been so busy 'civilizing' ourselves that we have forgotten to live. We are like an old lady I once shared a carriage with across the Simplon Pass."

"By the way," I remarked, "one is going to be saved all that bother in the future. They have nearly completed the new railway line. One will be able to go from Domo d'Ossola to Brieg in a little over the two hours. They tell me the tunneling is wonderful."

"It will be very charming," sighed the Minor Poet. "I am looking forward to a future when, thanks to civilization, travel will be done away with altogether. We shall be sewn up in a ball and shot there. At the time I speak of we still had to be content with the road winding through some of the most magnificent scenery in Switzerland. I rather enjoyed the drive myself, but my companion was quite unable to appreciate it. Not because she did not care for scenery. As she explained to me, she was passionately fond of it. But her luggage claimed all her attention. There were seventeen pieces of it altogether, and every time the ancient vehicle lurched or swayed, which on an average was once every thirty seconds, she was in terror lest one or more of them should be jerked out. Half her day was taken up in counting them and rearranging them, and the only view in which she was interested was the cloud of dust behind us or the horses in front of us.

"HALF HER DAY WAS TAKEN UP IN COUNTING THEM"

"I knew an Italian countess," said the Woman of the World. "She had been at school with mamma. She never would go half a mile out of her way for scenery. 'Why should I?' she would say. 'What are the painters for? If there is anything good, let them bring it to me and I will look at it.' She said she preferred the picture to the real thing, it was so much more artistic. 'In the landscape itself,' she complained, 'there is sure to be a chimney in the distance, or a restaurant in the foreground, that spoils the whole effect. The artist leaves these things out. If necessary, he can put in a cow or a pretty girl to help the thing. The actual cow, if it happened to be there at all, would probably be standing the wrong way round; the girl, in all likelihood, would be fat and plain, or be wearing the wrong hat. The artist knows precisely the sort of girl that ought to be there, and sees to it that she is there, with just the right sort of hat.' She said she had found it so all through life—the poster was always an improvement on the play."

"It is rapidly coming to that," answered the Minor Poet. "Nature, as a well-known painter once put it, is not 'creeping up' fast enough to keep pace with our ideals. In advanced Germany they improve the waterfalls and ornament the rocks. In Paris they paint the babies' faces."

"You can hardly lay the blame for that upon civilization," pleaded the College Girl. "The ancient Briton had a pretty taste in woods," she added.

"Man's first feeble steps upon the upward path of art," assented the Minor Poet, "culminating in the rouge-pot and the hair-dye."

"Come!" laughed the Old Maid, "you are narrow-minded. Civilization has given us music. Surely you will admit that has been of help to us?"

"My dear lady," replied the Minor Poet, "you speak of the one accomplishment with which civilization has had little or nothing to do; the one art that Nature has bestowed upon man in common with the birds and insects, the one intellectual enjoyment we share with the entire animal creation, excepting only the canines; and even the howling of the dog—one cannot be sure—may be an honest, however unsatisfactory, attempt toward a music of his own. I had a fox terrier once who invariably howled in tune. Jubal Cain hampered, not helped us. He it was who stifled music with the curse of professionalism; so that now, like shivering shop-boys paying gate-money to watch games they cannot play, we sit mute in our stalls listening to the paid performer. But for the musician, music would have been universal. The human voice is still the finest instrument that we possess. We have allowed it to rust, the better to hear clever manipulators blow through tubes and tuning wires. The musical world might have been a literal expression. Civilization has contracted it to designate a coterie of cranks."

"By the way," said the Woman of the World, "talking of music, have you heard that last symphony of Pieg's? It came in the last parcel. I have been practicing it."

"Oh! do let us hear it," urged the Old Maid. "I love Pieg."

The Woman of the World rose and opened the piano.

"Myself, I have always been of opinion——" I remarked.

"Please don't chatter," said the Minor Poet.

THE NEW BAR-KEEP'

MUFFLES—THE BAR-KEEP'

His rise from the dust heap; his prosperity; the days of his adversity; his downfall; his redemption.

By F. Hopkinson Smith

MY FRIEND Muffles has had a varied career. Muffles is not his baptismal name—if he were ever baptized, which I doubt. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, and the brewer—especially the brewer—knew him as Mr. Richard Mulford, proprietor of the Shady Side on the Bronx—and his associates as Dick. Only his intimates knew him as Muffles. I am one of his intimates. This last sobriquet he earned as a boy among his fellow wharf rats, by reason of an extreme lightness of foot attended by an equally noiseless step, particularly noticeable when escaping from some guardian of the peace who had suddenly detected him raiding an apple stand not his own, or in depleting a heap of peanuts the property of some gentleman of foreign birth, or in making off with a just-emptied ash barrel—Muffles did the emptying—on the eve of an election.

If any member of his unknown and widely scattered family reached the dignity of being considered the flower of the clan, no stretch of imagination or the truth on the part of his acquaintances—and they were numerous—ever awarded that distinction to Muffles. He might have been a weed, but he was never a flower. A weed that grew up between the cobbles, crouching under the hoofs of horses and the tramp of men, and who was pulled up and thrown aside and still lived on and flourished in various ways, and all with that tenacity of purpose and buoyancy of spirit which distinguishes all weeds and which never by any possibility marks a better quality of plant, vegetable or animal.

The rise of this gamin from the dust heap to his present lofty position was as interesting as it was instructive. Interesting because his career was a drama—instructive because it showed a grit, pluck and self-denial which many of his contemporaries might have envied and imitated; wharf-rat, newsboy, dish-washer in a sailors' dive, bar-helper, bar-tender, bar-keeper, bar-owner, ward heeler, ward politician, clerk of a district committee, go-between in shady deals—between those paid to uphold the law and those paid to break it—and now, at this time of writing—or was a year or so ago—the husband of "the Missus," as he always calls her, the father of two children, one three and the other five, and the proprietor of the Shady Side Inn, above the Harlem River and within a stone's throw of the historic Bronx.

The reaching of this final goal, the sum of all his hopes and ambitions, was due to the same tenacity of purpose which had characterized his earlier life, aided and abetted by a geniality of disposition which made him countless friends, a conscience which overlooked their faults together with a total lack of perception as to the legal ownership of whatever happened to be within his reach. As to the keeping of the other commandments, including the one of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you——

Well, Muffles had grown up between the cobbles of the Bowery, and his early education had consequently been neglected.

The Shady Side Inn over which Muffles presided, and in which he was one-third owner—the Captain of the Precinct and a "Big Pipe" contractor owned the other two-thirds—was what was left of an old colonial mansion. There are dozens of them scattered up and down the Bronx, lying back from the river; with porches falling into decay, their gardens overrun with weeds, their spacious rooms echoing only the hum of the sewing-machine or the buzz of the loom.

This one belonged to some one of the old Knickerbockers whose winter residence was below Bleecker Street and who came up here to spend the summer and so escape the heat of the dog-days. You can see it any day you drive up the Speedway. It has stood there for over a hundred years and is likely to continue. You know its history, too—or can, if you will take the trouble to look up its record. Aaron Burr stopped here, of course—he stopped about everywhere along here and slept in almost every house; and Hamilton put his horse up

in the stables—only the site is left now; and George Washington dined on the back porch, his sorrel mare tied to one of the big trees. There is no question about these facts. They are all down in the books and I would prove it to you if I could lay my hand on the particular record. Everybody believes them—Muffles most of all.

Many of the old-time fittings and appurtenances are still to be seen. A knocker clings to the front door—a wobbly old knocker, it is true, with one screw gone and part of the plate broken—but still boasting its colonial descent. And there is a half-moon window over the door above it, with little panes of glass held in place by a spidery parasol frame, and supported on spindling columns once painted white. And there is an old lantern in the hall and funny little banisters wreathed about a flight of stairs that twists itself up to the second floor.

The relics—now that I come to think of it—stop here. There was a fine old mantel framing a great open fireplace in the front parlor, before which the Father of His Country toasted his toes or sipped his grog, but it is gone now. Muffles' bar occupied the whole side of this front room, and the cavity once filled with big, generous logs, blazing away to please the host's distinguished guests, held a collection of bottles from Muffles' cellar—a moving cellar, it is true, for the beer wagon and the grocer's cart replenished it daily.

The great garden in the rear of the old mansion has also changed. The lines of box and sweet syringa are known only by their roots. The rosebeds are no more, the paths that were woven into long stripes across its grass-plats are overgrown and hardly traceable. Only one lichen-covered, weather-stained seat circling about an old locust tree remains, and this is on its last legs and needs propping up—or did the last time I saw it. The trees are still there. These old stand-bys reach up their arms so high, and their trunks are so big and straight and smooth, that nothing can despoil them. They will stay there until the end—that is, until some merciless Commissioner runs the line of a city street through their roots. Then their fine old bodies will be drawn and quartered and their sturdy arms and lesser branches go to feed the fires of some near-by factory.

No ladies of high degree now sip their tea beneath their shade, with liveried servants about the slender-legged tables. There are tables, of course—a dozen in all, perhaps—some in white cloths and some in bare tops—bare of everything except the glass of beer—it depends very largely on what one orders, and who orders it—but the servants are missing unless you count Muffles and his stable boy. Two of these old aristocrats—I am speaking of the old trees now, not Muffles, and certainly not the stable boy—two giant elms (the same that Washington tied his mare to when they were little) stand guard on either side of the back porch—a wide veranda of a porch with a honeysuckle, its stem as thick as your arm, and its scraggly, half-dead tendrils plaited in and out of the palings and newly painted latticework.

WORE A YELLOW DIAMOND PIN AND SAT IN HIS SHIRT-SLEEVES

On Sunday mornings—and this tale begins with a Sunday morning—Muffles always shaved himself on this back porch. On these occasions he was attired in a pair of trousers, a pair of slippers and a red flannel undershirt.

I am aware that this is not an extraordinary thing for a man living in the country to do on a Sunday morning, and it is not an extraordinary costume in which to do it. It was neither the costume nor the occupation that made the operation notable, but the distinguished company who sat around the operator while it went on.

DIDN'T DO NOTHIN' BUT JUST LOOK IN THE DOOR

There was the ex-sheriff—a large, bulbous man with a jet black mustache hung under his nose, a shirt collar cut low enough to permit of his breathing, and a skin-tight waistcoat buttoned over a rotundity that rested on his knees. He had restless, quick eyes, and, before his "ex" life began and his avoirdupois gained upon him, restless quick fingers with steel springs inside of them—good fingers for handling the particular people he "wanted."

Then there was the "Big Pipe" contractor—a lean man with half-moon whiskers, a red, weather-beaten, knotted face, bushy gray eyebrows and a clean-shaven mouth that looked when shut like a healed scar. On Sunday this magnate wore a yellow diamond pin and sat in his shirt-sleeves.

There could be found, too, now and then, tilted back on their chairs, two or three of the light-fingered gentry from the race course near by—pale, consumptive-looking men, with field glasses hung over their shoulders and looking like bank clerks, they were so plainly and neatly dressed; as well as some of the less respectable neighbors, besides a few intimate personal friends like myself.

While Muffles shaved and the group about him discussed the several ways—some of them rather shady, I'm afraid—in which they and their constituents earned their daily bread, the stable boy—he was a street waif, picked up to keep him from starving—served the beverages. Muffles had no Sunday license, of course, but a little thing like that never disturbed Muffles or his friends—not with the Captain of the Precinct as part owner.

My intimacy with Muffles was not of long standing. It dated from a visit I made him a year before, when I stopped in one of my sketching tramps to get something cooling. A young friend of mine—a musician—was with me. Muffles' garden was filled with visitors; some celebration or holiday had called the people out. Muffles in expectation had had the piano tuned and had sent to town for an orchestra of three. The cornet and bass viol had put in an appearance, but the pianist had been lost in the shuffle.

"De bloke ain't showed up and we can't git nothin' out of de fish-horn and de scrape—see?" was the way Muffles put it.

My friend was a graduate of the Conservatoire, an ex-stroke, crew of '91, owned a pair of shears which he used twice a year in the vaults of a downtown bank, and breakfasted every day at twelve—but none of these things had spoiled him.

"Don't worry," he said; "put a prop under your piano-lid and bring me a chair. I'll work the ivories for you."

He played till midnight, drank his free beers between each selection, his face as grave as a judge except when he would wink at me out of the corner of his eye to show his intense enjoyment of the whole situation. You can judge of its effect on the audience when I tell you that one young girl in a pink shirt-waist was so overcome with emotion and so sorry for the sad young man who had to earn his living in any such way, that she laid a ten-cent piece on the piano within reach of my friend's fingers. The smile of intense gratitude which permeated his face—a "thank-God-you-have-saved-me-from-starvation" smile, was part of the evening's enjoyment. He wears the dime now on his watch chain; he says it is the only money he ever earned by his music; to which one of his club friends added, "Or in your life."

Since that time I have been *persona grata* to Muffles. Since that time, too, I have studied him at close range: on snowy days—for I like my tramps in winter, with the Bronx a ribbon of white, even though it may be too cold to paint—as well as my outings on Sunday summer mornings when I sit down with his other friends to watch Muffles shave.

On one of these days I found a thin, cadaverous, long-legged, long-armed young man behind the bar. He had yellow-white hair that rested on his head like a window-mop; whitey-blue eyes and a pasty complexion. When he craned his head in his anxiety to get my order right, I felt that his giraffe throat reached down to his waist-line and that all of it would come out of his collar if I didn't make up my mind at once "what it should be."

"Who's he, Muffles?" I asked.

"Dat's me new bar-keep'. I've chucked me job."

"What's his name?"

"Bowser."

"Where did you get him?"

"Blew in here one night las' month, purty nigh froze—out of a job and hungry. De Missus got soft on him—she's dat kind, ye know. Yer oughter seen him eat! Well, I guess! Been in a littingrapher's shop—ye kin tell by his fingers. Say, Bowser, show de gentleman yer fingers."

Bowser held them up as quickly as if the order had come down the barrel of a Winchester.

"And ye oughter see him draw. Gee! if I could draw like him I wouldn't do nothin' else. But I ain't never had nothin' in my head like that. A feller's got to have sumpin' besides school larnin' to draw like him. Now you're a sketch artist, and know. Why, he drawed de Sheriff last Sunday sittin' in de porch huggin' his bitters, to de life. Say, Bowse, show de gentleman de picter ye drawed of de Sheriff."

Bowser slipped his hand under the bar and brought out a charcoal sketch of a black mustache surrounded by a pair of cheeks, a treble chin and two dots of eyes.

"Kin hear him speak, can't ye? And dat ain't nothin' to de way he kin print. Say, Bowse"—the intimacy grew as the young man's talents loomed up in Muffles' mind—"tell de gentleman what de boss said 'bout yer printin'."

"Said I could print all right, only there warn't no more work." There was a modesty in Bowser's tone that gave me a better opinion of him.

"Said ye could print all right, did he? Course he did—and no guff in it, neither. Say, Missus"—and he turned to his wife, who had just come in, the youngest child in her arms. She weighed twice as much as Muffles—one of those shapeless women with a kindly, Alderney face and hair never in place, who lets everything go from collar to waist-line.

"Say, Missus, didn't de Sheriff say dat was a perfec' likeness?" And he handed it to her.

THE MISSUS

The wife laughed, passed it back to Muffles and with a friendly nod to me kept on to the kitchen.

"Bar-room ain't no place for women," Muffles remarked in an undertone when his wife had disappeared. "Dat's why de Missus ain't never 'round. And when de kids grow up we're goin' to quit, see? Dat's what de Missus says, and what she says goes!"

All that summer the Shady Side prospered. More tables were set out under the trees; Bowser got an assistant; Muffles wore better clothes; the Missus combed out her hair and managed to wear a tight-fitting dress, and it was easy to see that fame and fortune awaited Muffles—or what he considered its equivalent. Muffles entertained his friends as usual on the back porch on Sunday mornings, but he shaved himself upstairs and wore an alpaca coat and boiled shirt over his red flannel underwear. The quality of the company improved, too—or retrograded, according to the point of view. Now and then a pair of deer, with long tails and manes, hitched to a spider-web of a wagon, would drive up to the front entrance and a gentleman wearing a watch chain, a solitaire diamond ring, a polished silk hat and a white overcoat with big pearl buttons, would order "a pint of fiz" and talk in an undertone to Muffles while he drank it. Often a number of these combinations would meet in Muffles' back room and a quiet little game would last until daylight. The orders then were for quarts, not pints. On one of these nights the Captain of the Precinct was present in plain clothes. I learned this from Bowser—from behind his hand.

One night Muffles was awakened by a stone thrown at his bedroom window. He went downstairs and found two men in slouch hats; one had a black carpetbag. They talked some time together, and the three went down into the cellar. When they came up the bag was empty.

The next morning one of those spider-wheeled buggies, driven by one of the silk hat and pearl-buttoned gentlemen

accompanied by a friend, stopped at the main gate. When they drove away they carried the contents of the black carpet-bag stowed away under the seat.

The following day about ten o'clock in the morning a man in a derby hat and with a pair of handcuffs in his outside pocket showed Muffles a paper he took from his coat, and the two went off to the city. When Muffles returned that same night—I had heard he was in trouble and waited for his return—he nodded to me with a smile, and said:

"It's all right. Pipes went bail."

He didn't stop, but walked through to the back room. There he put his arms around his wife. She had sat all day at the window watching for his return, so Bowser told me.

One crisp, cool October day, when the maples blazed scarlet and the Bronx was a band of polished silver and the hoar-frost glistened in the meadows, I turned into the road that led to the Shady Side. The outer gate was shut, and all the blinds on the front of the house were closed. I put my hand on the old brass knocker and rapped softly. Bowser opened the door. His eyes looked as if he had not slept for a week.

"What's the matter—anybody sick?"

"No—dead!" and he burst into tears.

"Not Muffles!"

"No—the Missus."

"When?"

"Last night. De boss is inside, all broke up."

I tiptoed across the hall and into the bar-room. He was sitting by a table, his head in his hands, his back toward me.

"Muffles, this is terrible! How did it happen?"

He straightened up and held out his hand, guiding me to a seat beside him. For some minutes he did not speak. Then he said slowly, ignoring my question, the tears streaming down his cheeks:

"Dis ends me. I ain't no good widout de Missus. You thought maybe when ye were 'round that I was a-runnin' things; you thought maybe it was me that was lookin' after de kids and keepin' 'em clean; you thought maybe when I got pinched and they come near jugging me that some of me pals got me clear—you don't know nothin' 'bout it. De Missus did that, like she done everything."

He stopped as if to get his breath, and put his head in his hands again—rocking himself to and fro like a man in great physical pain. I sat silent beside him. It is difficult to decide what to do or say to a man under such circumstances. His reference to some former arrest arose in my mind, and in a perfunctory way—more for something to say than for any purpose of prying into his former life—I asked:

"Was that the time the Pipe Contractor went bail for you?"

He moved his head slightly and without raising it from his hands looked at me from over his clasped fingers.

"What, dat scrape a month ago, when I hid dem goods in de cellar? Naw! Dat was two pals o' mine. Dey was near pinched and I helped 'em out. Somebody give it away. But dat ain't nothin'—Cap'n took care o' dat. Dis was one o' me own five year ago. What's goin' to become o' de kids now?" And he burst out crying again.

A year passed.

I had been painting along the Thames, lying in my punt, my face up to the sky, or paddling in and out among the pond lilies. I had idled, too, on the lagoons of my beloved Venice, listening to Luigi crooning the songs he loves so well, the soft air about me, the plash of my gondolier's oar wrinkling the sheen of the silver sea. It had been a very happy summer; full of color and life. The brush had worked easily, the weather had lent a helping hand; all had been peace and quiet. Ofttimes, when I was happiest, somehow Muffles' solitary figure rose before me, the tears coursing down his cheeks and with it that cold silence—a silence which only a dead body brings to a house and which ends only with its burial.

The week after I landed—it was in November, a day when the crows flew in long wavy lines and the heavy white and gray clouds pressed close upon the blue vista of the hills—I turned and crossed through the wood, my feet sinking into the soft carpet of its dead leaves. Soon I caught a glimpse of the chimneys of Shady Side thrust above the evergreens; a curl of smoke was floating upward, filling the air with a filmy haze. At this sign of life within my heart gave a bound.

Muffles was still there!

When I swung back the gate and mounted the porch a feeling of uncertainty came over me. The knocker was gone, and so was the sign. The old-fashioned window casings had been replaced by a modern door newly painted and standing partly open. Perhaps Muffles had given up the bar and was living here alone with his children.

I pushed open the door and stepped into the old-fashioned hall. This, too, had undergone changes. The lantern was missing, and some modern furniture stood against the walls. The bar where Bowser had dispensed his beverages and from behind which he had brought his drawings had been replaced by a long mahogany counter with marble top, the sideboard being filled with cut glass and the more expensive appointments of a modern establishment. The tables and chairs were also of mahogany; and a new red carpet covered the floor. The proprietor was leaning against the counter playing with his watch chain—a short man with a bald head. A few guests were sitting about, reading or smoking.

"What's become of Mulford," I asked; "Dick Mulford, who used to be here?"

The man shook his head.

"Why, yes, you must have known him—some of his friends called him Muffles."

The man continued to shake his head. Then he answered carelessly:

"I've only been here six months—another man had it before me. He put these fixtures in."

"Maybe you can tell me?"—and I turned to the bar-keeper.

"Guess he means the feller who blew in here first month we come," the bar-keeper answered, addressing his remark to the proprietor. "He said he'd been runnin' the place once."

"Oh, you mean that guy! Yes, I got it now," answered the proprietor with some animation, as if suddenly interested. "He come in the week we opened—worst-lookin' bum you ever see—toes out of his shoes, coat all torn. Said he had no money and asked for something to eat. Billy here was goin' to fire him out when one of my customers said he knew him. I don't let no man go hungry if I can help it, and so I sent him downstairs and cook filled him up. After he had all he wanted to eat he asked Billy if he might go upstairs into the front bedroom. I don't want nobody prowlin' 'round—not that kind, anyhow—but he begged so I sent Billy up with him. What did he do, Billy? You saw him." And he turned to his assistant.

"Didn't do nothin' but just look in the door. He held on to the jamb and I thought he was goin' to fall. Then he said he was much obliged, and he walked downstairs again and out the door cryin' like a baby, and I ain't seen him since."

Another year passed. To the picture of the man sitting alone in that silent, desolate room was added the picture of the man leaning against the jamb of the door, the tears streaming down his face. After this I constantly caught myself peering into the faces of the tramps I would meet in the street. Whenever I walked before the benches of Madison Park or loitered along the shady paths of Union Square, I would stop, my eye running over the rows of idle men reading the advertisements in the morning papers or asleep on the seats. Often I would pause for a moment as some tousled vagabond would pass me, hoping that I had found my old-time friend, only to be disappointed. Once I met Bowser on his way to his work, a roll of theatre bills under his arm. He had gone back to his trade and was working in a shop on Fourteenth Street. His account of what had happened after the death of "the Missus" only confirmed my fears. Muffles had gone on from bad to worse; the place had been sold out by his partners; Muffles had become a drunkard, and, worse than all, the indictment against him had been pressed for trial despite the Captain's efforts, and he had been sent to the Island for a year for receiving and hiding stolen goods. He had been offered his freedom by the District Attorney if he would give up the names of the two men who had stolen the silverware, but he said he'd rather "serve time than give his pals away," and they sent him up. Some half-orphan asylum had taken the children. One thing Bowser knew and he would "give it to me straight," and he didn't care who heard it, and that was that there was "a good many gospil sharps running church mills that warn't half as white as Dick Mulford—not by a d—— sight."

One morning I was trying to cross Broadway, dodging the trolleys that swirled around the curves, when a man laid his hand on my arm with a grip that hurt me.

It was Muffles!

Not a tramp; not a ragged, blear-eyed vagabond—older, more serious, the laugh gone out of his eyes, the cheeks pale as if from long confinement. Dressed in dark clothes, his face clean shaven; linen neat, a plain black tie—the hat worn straight, not slouched over his eyes with a rakish cant as in the old days.

"My God! but I'm glad to see ye," he cried. "Come over in the Square and let's sit down."

He was too excited to let me ask him any questions. It all poured out of him in a torrent, his hand on my knee most of the time.

"Oh, but I had it tough! Been up for a year. You remember about it, the time Pipes went bail. I didn't git none o' the swag; it warn't my job, but I seed 'em through. But that warn't nothin'. It was de Missus what killed me. Hadn't been for de kids I'd been off the dock many a time. Fust month or two I didn't draw a sober breath. I couldn't stand it. Soon's I'd come to I'd git to thinkin' agin and then it was all up wid me. Then Pipes and de Sheriff went back on me and I didn't care. Bowser stuck to me the longest. He got de kids took care of. He don't know I'm out, or he'd turn up. I tried to find him, but nobody don't know where he was a workin'—none of de bar-rooms I've tried. Oh, but it was tough! But it's all right, d'ye hear? All right! I got a job up in Harlem, see? I'm gittin' orders for coal." And he touched a long book that stuck out of his breast pocket. "And I've got a room near where I work. And I tell ye another thing," and his hand sought mine, and a peculiar light came into his eyes, "I got de kids wid me. You just oughter see de boy—legs on him thick as your arm! I tell ye that's a comfort, and don't you forgit it. And de little gal! Ain't like her mother? what!—well, I should smile!"

The Wharf Rats of New York

By Morgan Robertson

How they make their living; legends of their heroes; their gradual disappearance

IN THE PALMY DAYS OF THE BUSINESS

WHARF RAT is, and always has been, a generic term, loosely including in its application "growler gangs," river thieves, penniless sailors, boys who swim, the homeless wretches who haunt the garbage dumps for sustenance and sleep beneath skids, gangplanks, or in convenient nests in the interior of the docks, and the organized bands of amphibious Ishmaelites who, prior to fifteen years ago, built, with stolen lumber, apartments under the docks, fitted them up with stolen furniture, and arrived and departed by night in stolen boats.

As they slept by day and worked by night detection was almost impossible before the organization of the Harbor Police; but one such gang came to its end from internal forces. Its domicile was under the dock at the foot of Franklin Street. Its members were accomplished thieves, burglars and river pirates; they bought nothing, stole everything, and increased in number and worldly goods. Then with prosperity came the usual desire to entertain, and gay visitors brightened their lives and darkened their faculties. The squeak of the fiddle and the plunk of the banjo, with the sound of joyous voice and laughter filtered up through the seams in the planking and were wafted west by the east wind to the listening ears of South Street policemen.

Then came the raid and the wind-up. The kindly entertainers were removed to Sing Sing, and the police marveled for weeks at the haul they had made. It is said that there was everything that makes home enjoyable in that suite of rooms beneath the dock but a grand piano and a kitchen range.

There was an organized gang at Dover Street, of which Jerry McAuley, before his reform, was a guiding light; another at East Tenth Street; one at Charlton Street, North River; and at Corlear's Hook on the East Side flourished the famous Border, or Hook Gang, which produced Lewis Flood, a genius, who, before his final relegation to Sing Sing, had made $75,000 by his skill at "drowning the hawser."

This operation consists in climbing up the bows of a ship riding by a hemp cable or hawser—leaving your boat fast to the bobstays beneath—and severing the cable at the break of the hawse-pipe, first attaching a very small buoy and line to the outer end. A dark night is necessary for this job, and a saw is better than a knife or an ax, as it leaves a ragged end very like that produced by a breaking strain. The ship goes adrift, of course; but you descend to your boat and escape in the darkness, to pick up the buoy and heave in the cable and anchor at a later time. Lewis could not have worked in these days of chain cables and Harbor Police, but he did well according to his lights, and his fame lives after him.

Another strong man, beloved of tradition, was Scotty McCarty, leader of the Leroy Street Gang. Scotty was a giant, well-built, but ugly as sin, ignorant and lawless, yet with a big, generous heart. He would protect drunken sailors from the sharks and harpies who sought to rob them, would fight off policemen endeavoring to arrest them for

drunkenness, and would take them safely off to their craft and lift them aboard. Then he would rob the ship of whatever was loose or detachable and return with the reward of duty well performed. This Robin Hood of wharf rats came to his end through the very superabundance of that which made him beloved. A trusted friend betrayed him to the police; then Scotty went up the river.

The Man Who Rooted Out Rats

The organized wharf rats, who lived by plunder alone, went down before the Harbor Police under Captain Elbert O. Smith, whose steam-launches rooted them out from their dens beneath the docks, or chased them down in the open. Captain Smith is authority for the statement that to-day there is not a single troublesome gang on the whole water front; yet he admits that if his vigilance were relaxed—if the nightly menace of his patrolling launches were removed—gangs would spring up like mushrooms, and every unwatched dock would have its den. For the material is there: the half-grown hoodlums between boyhood and manhood who infest the docks, stealing what they dare, "hamming" or "cadging" their food from tug and schooner cooks, brazenly swimming by day, with their clothes secreted beneath the docks beyond the reach of fat policemen, and fetching beer by night for the "growler gangs"—workingmen, as a rule—who, after a day out under the broiling sun, spend the hot summer evenings in the coolest place within reach.

This creature—a criminal in the formative stage—alone furnishes excuse for the maintenance of an expensive harbor patrol; for he is young, active, keen and progressive, and while he remains upon the docks is a potential river pirate, far more slippery and elusive than his brother of the billy and the dark lantern. But, whether he remains a wharf rat or takes to fire-escapes and skylights, sooner or later he is gathered in; for, whatever may be said of police corruption in New York, it cannot be denied that the rank and file are efficient; so efficient that a certain young reporter of the writer's acquaintance, sent by his managing-editor to investigate and write up the River Pirates of New York, decided not to follow up his "story." But he gave what there was of the yarn to the writer and it is here told in the language of the narrator.

Meeting a Dock Rat at Night

He had gone straight to the docks and discovered first the "growler gangs."

"I fraternized with them at times," he said; "but learned nothing of what I wanted to know except that I was still too much of a dude to inspire the fullest confidence. But on the day following my last evening with the growler boys a Harbor Police Sergeant informed me that the foot of East —— Street was a troublesome neighborhood, from which emanated many complaints of harbor piracy. So I waited until I had a three days' growth of beard and started in the evening for the East River near the street named, fully convinced that I could cry hail-fellow-well-met with the toughest plug-ugly on the river front. I am one of those unfortunates that need good clothes to escape suspicion, and my five days' exposure to the sun had blackened my skin to nearly the color of a negro's, and my stubble of beard gave me an expression which disheartened me as I viewed it in a glass before starting. I carried money, having in view the possibility of arrest and fine in the morning, but carried no weapons—depending entirely upon my truculent face for protection; besides, I knew that I could run.

"I reached the docks about nine o'clock, choosing this time as likely to be most prolific of results, and, meeting no policemen, sauntered on to a long, vacant pier, unlighted but from the lamps in the street behind. On each side was a shelving beach of mud, and up on these beaches were pulled boats of various size, and farther up were shanties, through the windows and chinks of which shone the light from within. These I noticed as I passed out upon the pier. It had begun to rain, and it was a peculiarly dark and dismal night, conducive to all sorts of blueness and discouraging thought. I sat down on the string-piece about half-way out and looked around at the lights of passing ferryboats, at the maze of sparkling reflections from Greenpoint across the river, and back at the flickering gleams from the shanties, half-minded to give it up and go home.

"But I would have a smoke first, and while loading my pipe I heard footsteps, and soon discerned a man coming in from the end of the dock. It was too dark to make him out; but he was smoking, and as he might be a pirate I hailed him and asked for a match, confident of the fellow-feeling between smokers. He came up to me, and I saw by the faint light from the windows that he was a young fellow of about twenty, with the quick jerk to shoulders common to the East Side corner toughs.

"'Give you a Liverpool light,' he said, puffing his pipe to full blast and handing it to me. I knew what a Liverpool light was, and transferred a little of his fire to my own pipe; then, when it was going well, I asked:

"'Any good place to sleep 'round here?'

"'Whatcha want to sleep 'round here for?' he answered quickly.

"'Well,' I said slowly while I puffed, 'I've got to find a place.'

"'Wanted?'

"'Had a run for my money the other night,' I said.

"'Travelin' for your health, ain't you? Want to git across the drink?'

"'Wouldn't mind. I don't want to tackle the bridge or the ferries.' I was bound to learn something, and this fellow seemed promising.

"'Got any dough?' he asked.

"'Very little.'

"'If you've got three dollars I can git you across. I want to git over myself, but I'm broke. Got that much?'

"'Yes, just that much.' I remembered three one-dollar bills sequestered in one pocket.

"'There's a nigger in that shanty that'll take us across for a three-plunks. I could swipe his boat, but I can't git any oars; he keeps 'em locked up. You cough up the dough, and then, if you're right, I'll make good. Come on, till I see if you're right.'

"We walked in to where the light shone on our faces, and after a keen inspection of mine he said: 'Guess you're right. Come on.'

"We went down to one of the shanties, and he banged on the door. A short, fat colored brother opened it.

"'That you, Chokey?' he asked, peering into my new friend's face.

"'Cert. Got a new pal, and the dough. Want three dollars for the three of us?'

"'Where's Jim?'

"'Under the dock. The three of us for the three cases. Dollar down and two the other side.'

Crossing the River with Thieves

"After some wrangling, ending with Chokey's threat to punch the man and brother on his own doorstep, the proposition was agreed to, and when we had launched and boarded a large skiff I paid the owner one dollar. Then we pulled to the end of the dock and under it, and Chokey called softly upward to Jim.

"'All right,' came an answering voice. 'Look out for the end.'

"The end of a large new rope dropped down, and we began coiling it in the bottom. It looked to me like the mooring line of some big schooner, and without doubt Chokey and Jim had secured it at some other dock, and carried it to this to await shipment.

"It was but a short length of rope—about fifteen fathoms—and when the end dropped down Jim followed, indistinguishable in the darkness; then we shoved clear of the spiles, with the darky at the oars, and started across the river. Jim sat forward, and Chokey sat with me in the stern-sheets, where I plied him with questions. Was there money in this business? Was there any chance for me? Was there a gang? But his answers were non-committal, and when he gently hinted that he had not asked me why my health was in danger I subsided. Then the darky began complaining that he 'warn't gwine to do no more o' this night work, for fust thing he'd know he'd get pinched'—which protestation Chokey silenced by a volley of forceful invective. Then Chokey asked questions of Jim, of the darky, and of myself. Were we good at athletics? Could we fight, or, if we could not fight, could we run? Jim responded that he was best at running, the darky, panting at the oars, avowed his disinclination to either, and I, thinking of my roll of bills and the doubtful company I was in, boasted fervently of my prowess with my fists, and quoted a few imaginary victories.

"'But that ain't it,' said Chokey. 'Can you run? Can you beat the nigger, d'ye think?'

"I thought that I could and said so.

"'That's all right, then. If you can beat the nigger I guess you're right.'

"The water lapped alongside; the New York docks and lights faded astern; we waited for a ferryboat to pass; and once we crouched low in the boat while a puffing steam-launch crossed our bow a hundred yards ahead.

"'That's all I'm feared of, Chokey,' whined the darky as he resumed his work. 'Some night them police boats 'll git yer, sure.'

"'Oh, dry up,' answered Chokey. 'Pull up stream a little more.'

"Greenpoint drew closer, and Chokey peered anxiously ahead, changing the course occasionally as different landmarks came into view, and once more, before we grounded on a beach of mud between two dilapidated piers, recurred to the subject of running races, declaring that speedy legs are invaluable in any business.

"Jim, at his direction, went ashore with the end of the line and dragged it up the beach. When about a third was out Chokey directed me to pay the dark ferryman the other two dollars and help Jim drag the rope. I did so, and stepping ashore pulled with Jim until another third was out of the boat. Then I heard spluttering tones and harsh profanity behind me; I turned and listened.

"'Cough up them three cases, —— you,' said Chokey. 'Quick, or under you go again.'

"'Doan't you do that, Chokey. Doan't you——'

"Dimly I saw through the dark that Chokey had the negro over the gunwale of the boat and was dousing his head under the water. When he came up he spluttered vainly, but Chokey was merciless, and ducked him again. I could barely see that he was searching the darky's pockets, and soon he stood up, sprang from the boat, and grabbed the rope.

"'Now, then, if you can *run races*—RUN!'

"We ran, and the end whisked out of the boat before the plundered one had regained his feet. Up the mud beach we went, each with his fair share of the rope and with Jim leading the parade, across a water-front street, along a broad but unlighted street surrounded by silent factories and warehouses, and down an alley, where the leader shot down some cellar steps, and pulled the rope after him. Chokey arrived, flung down the end, and the still indistinguishable Jim came up. We were all panting, but we had run the race.

"'Now, I allays whack up with a friend what's right,' said Chokey, pulling out the money. 'And I guess you're right, all right. Here's your dollar'—he handed me one—'and here's yours, Jim.' Jim pocketed his, and Chokey put the other back in his own pocket.

"'Now, if you'll come 'round here to-morrow noon,' said Chokey to me, 'I'll make good as I said, and pay you for workin' for us. And if you want to hang 'round with us I can put you on to many a good graft. What d'you say?'

"I said that I was much obliged; that I might, or might not, be around for my other emoluments; and that if I did decide to hang around I would surely look him up. Then we shook hands and I departed.

"I reached home in time for breakfast, rather undecided about the propriety of the night's proceedings. But, as I looked in a mirror at my sleepy eyes and mud-begrimed face and clothing, I was sure of one thing: I was 'right.'"

The reporter did well in not printing his "story"; for Chokey and Jim, on the evidence of the revengeful darky, were sent to the Island a little later, and could the informer have included the unknown "new pal" in his complaint there would have been embarrassment, and perhaps serious trouble, for him.

"The Count" and His Mystery

River thieves like Chokey may, or may not, own their boats. If they do not, and are in good standing with those who do, they may obtain them on rental, throw into them a coil or two of old rope, and start out under the guise of junkmen, looking for what they may find. The men who let boats for this purpose will not, as a rule, scruple at receiving the stolen goods, and are known to the police as "speculators."

But neither the accomplished river thief nor the speculator is a wharf rat in the real sense of the designation. Neither is the sailor out of a berth, or the longshoreman out of a job—both of whom will haunt the wharves until relief comes. In fact, there are but two in New York to-day—the dangerous young hoodlum, and the harmless, wretched wreck that infests the garbage dumps, without energy to move on like a tramp, and who never works but when he would vary his diet with something purchased with a half-hour's wage at shoveling.

A type of this class was brought to the writer's attention by a South Street policeman, who described him as "The Count," well known to every worker and habitué of the river front from Wall Street Ferry south, and then led the way to him.

UTTER DEGRADATION

Around the corner of a dock house an object squirmed in the shade, and two furtive brown eyes glared up at the officer; then, seeing no present menace in his presence, the object sank to the ground and stared fixedly into the distance.

No tongue or pen could picture the utter degradation of this wharf rat; he was as far beneath the begging hobo of the street as the hobo is beneath the tramp of the Western States.

What had been this man's past? What had brought him down? Political crime?—a murder and banishment? A woman? Who knows? And whose business is it?

THE COPPER KING

The Romance of a Trust

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER
Joint Author of Calumet "K"

Synopsis of Preceding Installment—Roger Drake, the Copper King, begins the story of his life. He tells of his struggles with poverty in a Western mining town; how he was "grub-staked" by a casual acquaintance who took pity on him; how he struggled with sickness; how he became prematurely gray-haired; how, without a particle of experience, but with a determination to make money, he opened a barber shop and nearly shaved the faces off his first customers instead of merely their beards; and how in the barber shop, by his coolness, he saved George Stanley, a wealthy young stranger, from being pistoled by the "bad man" of the town. Drake and Stanley agree to form a mining partnership. Stanley strikes into the gold fields, and Drake goes East to acquire needed technical knowledge of mining and minerals.

CHAPTER II

WE WASTED no time getting about it. Two or three days later Stanley started with his outfit for Bartlett's Creek—the rush up that way had just begun—and within a week I had closed out my business and started back East. I did not try to get a job anywhere, for I had money enough to keep me for a while and I wanted to give my undivided attention to my work as long as I could.

Stanley had given me a letter of introduction to his father, and for the first two weeks that white envelope lay about on my table till I was ashamed to look at it.

However, that letter had to be presented, so one night I dressed as well as I could and set out with it. The door was opened by a big darky in livery, who made no secret of the fact that he didn't know what to do with me. I handed him my letter and gave my name, but he didn't wholly approve of my looks, so he didn't ask me in, and seemed inclined to direct me to the area door. I gave him no time to do that, but stepped inside, gave him my name again, and told him rather sharply to tell Mr. Stanley, if he was at home, that I should like to see him. At that he weakened, and showed me, rather grudgingly, into the front drawing-room. I found my way to a chair and sat down, a great deal ruffled by his manner, though, as I think of the figure I must have cut that night, it seems pretty well warranted.

But the moment I glanced up I forgot the darky and his impudence, I forgot whose house I was in, I forgot who I was, for I saw a vision. She was framed in a doorway, a slim, delicate, haughty little beauty in a black gown. Her black hair was parted and coiled high on her head, and though she held her head high, her eyelids drooped, with that same lazy, commanding, insolent air that shows in a picture of Cleopatra that I bought just the other day. Her gown, rich with some ornament of jet, left her arms and breast bare, and whatever light there was in the hall was shaded so that it threw a reddish glow on her.

She could not have stood there a minute, but it seemed an hour to me. I saw that she was speaking—I could not hear her voice—and I gathered from the replies I heard that she had caught my name and in some way knew who I was, and was dressing down that darky for his stupidity. I was in full sight of her as she was of me, but her eyes never strayed toward me for the shortest glance, though I found out afterward that she knew I was staring at her.

Mr. Stanley did not keep me waiting long. He greeted me cordially, and took me up to his library at the top of the house. Then, after he'd got me into an easy chair and given me something to smoke, he began to ask me questions. He was a shrewd-faced old man, and he asked shrewd questions, but what he did was shrewdest of all. For if you want to find a man out you must begin by making him comfortable.

He asked me first about his son, his health and spirits, and then what I thought of his prospects of succeeding at his new venture. I told him, frankly, I thought he was sure to fail.

"And yet," he said, "I understand that you didn't try to dissuade him from going."

"No," said I; "I couldn't have done it, in the first place, and then, even if I'd thought I could, I believe I'd have let him go anyway."

He waited for me to go on, so I went ahead and explained myself. I told him my own experience with that fever, and that my two years with the failures at the end of them were the best part of what education I'd had, and that they'd given me something that a man who meant to make his fortune as a miner couldn't well do without. I remember he smiled a little over my offhand way of talking about making a fortune. But he went on and asked me about my own plans, and he seemed to approve of the way I was going at it.

While we talked I kept my mind more or less well down to earth, but it was with an effort that my thoughts stayed with him instead of wandering off to the vision I had seen a while before. And as I answered his questions I was asking myself others: Who was she? Why hadn't Stanley told me about her? Had he ever seen her himself? Should I ever see her again? I didn't try to answer these questions, because, as I said, I was really paying Mr. Stanley pretty close attention, but they were getting themselves ready to puzzle me when I should be left alone with them. But Mr. Stanley himself spared me the trouble of guessing, for just as I got up to go he said:

"You must come to dinner with us some night next week. Will Tuesday be convenient for you?"

I was taken by surprise, and for the moment perfectly helpless. I hesitated and stammered, and he went on: "There will be nobody but ourselves, my wife and daughter, and Miss Broughton. She's a new member of our family, a distant cousin of my wife, who has come to live with us. They'll all want to meet you."

He was talking along out of pure good nature, seeing that I was incapable of speech, but at last I got myself together, and told him I'd be very glad to come.

Next morning I went to a tailor and ordered a dress suit. It came the day of the dinner, and I can remember yet what a luxury it was to be well dressed again, to go out and dine again in a house and at a table like theirs. I mean just the physical enjoyment of it, which nobody can understand but one who has been out of the world, and has come back.

There were only three people in the drawing-room when I entered: Mrs. Stanley, her daughter, and a young fellow of about my own age named Archibald. Mrs. Stanley apologized for her husband, and said he would be down directly. I made a tremendous effort to take hold and talk as if I were all there, but of course I wasn't. I had thought during those intervening days that perhaps there was some mistake about it—that my vision was not Miss Broughton after all, or that she would not be at the dinner, or that when I saw her again she would not be the same, and now I wondered, besides, what Archibald's presence there on that familiar footing might mean. I disliked him, until I learned a little later that evening that he was engaged to Miss Stanley.

After about five minutes Mr. Stanley came down, and we began saying the same things all over again. Then there was a little lull, when all the preliminaries were over, and we heard a step on the stairs and a rustle of silk, and then—No, there was no mistake; she stood there in the doorway. The others, who were accustomed to see her every day, looked at her in silence, and, as for me, I know I caught my breath.

She was little, wonderfully little, but unlike any other little woman I have ever seen. She was as serene, as completely self-possessed and dignified, as a little goddess. She greeted the others with a comprehensive little bow, and then her eyes fell on me. There was for just the merest instant a look of surprise in her face, which I at the time attributed to my gray hair; then she smiled, and as Mrs. Stanley repeated our names she walked over to me and shook hands. She did it quite deliberately, yet as naturally as if on an impulse.

I took her in to dinner, and though at so small a table the talk is all general she appropriated what I said, and seemed to take a friendly, personal interest in it, and she did it all with hardly a word from herself. They got me to talking about my experiences out West; indeed that was about all there was for me to talk about, and they kept me going the greater part of the time.

When I was going Adele Broughton asked me to come again, and she did it in such a way that her invitation was quite independent of the one the others gave me. She made it seem, somehow, that I was an older friend of hers than of theirs. I do not know how she did that, either.

Archibald left the house when I did, and we walked along together. "You're so much interested in mining and that sort of thing," he said, "that I think you'd be interested in a friend of mine."

"Is mining his business?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said he, "though I dare say he knows all about it. He's tremendously up in everything of that kind, but his hobby is electricity. He's quite crazy about it. He's got a fine house, and he's turned it into a regular workshop. He lives there alone most of the time. His servants all leave him. You'd like him though, I'm sure, and I think perhaps he'd like you.

"I meant that all right," he went on when he saw what he'd said. "He's a queer duck, and all he asks of most people is that they let him alone. He tolerates me, I suppose, because I don't even know enough about his hobbies to ask foolish questions. We go by his place, and if we see a light I'll take you up."

I said I was afraid it was pretty late, but he laughed and said that Fletcher didn't really get waked up till after sundown. The house was lighted when we came to it, and my companion, remarking that the doorbell was a dummy, let himself and me in without ceremony. We stumbled up a dark stairway and walked into the room where the light was.

Fletcher was seated at a high drafting-table. He said "Hello" to Archibald and bowed to me, as Archibald introduced me, without rising. He was, as he still is, the most angular man I ever saw; his hair and beard were thick and sandy and disorderly; he wore heavy steel-rimmed spectacles; but he had the finest voice, save one, that I have ever heard. It was enough to make me like him from that moment.

Archibald dropped into an easy chair and lighted a cigar, and I began looking over the books. They occupied nearly all the wall space in the room, and it was a large one. I passed by several sections as soon as I saw that they contained nothing of interest to me, but presently I came to his technical books, and there I stopped.

It was the first technical library I had ever seen, and the titles on the backs of those clumsy volumes attracted me more strongly than I can tell you. Here were books on chemistry, on mathematics, on metals and their reduction, on electricity; here was all the knowledge that I could want, here were just the things I had vaguely felt the need of knowing, set down in black and white. I finally took down a book and began turning over the pages. They bristled with formulas which, of course, I could not understand, and I don't know why they attracted me, unless because I felt that here was the exact truth about things, instead of the guesswork that I had been trying to scramble along with.

By and by Archibald announced with a yawn that he was going home, and I reluctantly said that I would go with him. "Come again, both of you," called Fletcher as we started downstairs; "only come at different times."

"Well," said I, when we were in the street again, "it's clear enough what he meant so far as I'm concerned."

"He meant just what he said," answered Archibald. "He wants you to come again."

He did not succeed in reassuring me very completely, and the next time I went back to Fletcher's house I thought it was an even chance that he'd turn me out without ceremony, but I did go back, for the attractions of the place were too strong for my misgivings. As I remember it, during that whole evening neither of us spoke a dozen words, but his first nod of greeting seemed to make the room as much mine as his, and having the books I wished no other entertainment.

After that there were many such evenings, and gradually we grew to be pretty good friends. But weeks and months went by before he volunteered a word about the workshop.

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of last week.

One evening after we had been talking about my work he turned to me suddenly and asked

"What are you doing all this for, anyway? I mean," he went on, seeing I didn't understand him, "what in the long run are you doing it for?"

"In the long run?" I repeated; "why, to get rich. What do you see ahead of your own work?"

His eyes seemed to light up at the thought of it. "Why, I see, to begin with, the poor people taken out of the cities and into the fields again; I see the workingman earning his living, perhaps, in his home, as he did before the age of steam, instead of in a stuffy factory, as he does now."

"How do you expect it to be accomplished?"

"By electricity," he said

I really thought he was crazy, and my face must have showed it. "Oh, I know," said he impatiently, getting to his feet; "but come along with me and see whether what I'll show you is insanity."

I followed him, readily enough, up into his workshop There was nothing in it that is not, by now, a commonplace, or an old-fashioned curiosity, but in that day—and I am not an old man yet—it went beyond the wildest tales in the Arabian Nights. I knew something of electricity by that time, but what I saw was as incomprehensible to me as it would have been to Archibald. There was a dynamo to begin with, something that I had never heard of before, connected with a small horizontal engine.

He showed me more than I could possibly comprehend, and spent half the night explaining it to me. What he insisted on most was that, whereas with steam one must use the power where it is generated, with electricity it can be carried anywhere, with little loss, and with no cost except for the wire.

"What kind of wire?" I asked

"Copper," he said. "Silver's a rather better conductor, but that's out of the question."

I did not see the force of the answer then. But I went home as mad over electricity as Fletcher himself. I woke up early in the morning and turned it all over in my head. The revolution was coming; that was sure enough. There was a new power which would turn our old economy topsyturvy, whether it should do all that Fletcher hoped or not

I began wondering how I should be affected under the new order of things. And then suddenly those coils of copper wire came into my head, and I saw the whole thing ahead of me. I began studying copper the next morning, and I don't believe I've had copper out of my head for a whole day since

I have been getting a little ahead of my story. Not all the evenings of those months had been spent in Fletcher's library I used to drop in every few days at the Stanleys', as they, or more particularly Adele Broughton, asked me to do.

I didn't think I was in love with her, though the sight of her made me tingle all over just as on that first evening; for, often as I saw her, and friendly though she was, I had a feeling that she was unattainable, that she belonged to another world. I think it was strengthened by a conversation we had when I called, a little after that first dinner

The rest of them were out, and she said as coolly as you please that she was glad of it, for people never got acquainted until they'd had a chance to talk all by themselves. She could say things like that, not at all in a forward way, but in a way that belonged to her and to no one else.

"BY ELECTRICITY," HE SAID

Well, we chatted along about nothing in particular, and at last she said: "I must tell you a joke that Mr. Stanley played on me I haven't forgiven him yet. He made me think that you were quite a different sort of person, a sort of cowboy that George had picked up and taken a friendly interest in He said that we must try to put you at your ease, and all that sort of thing. He carried it so far that he didn't dress for dinner till you came; he made believe he wanted to find out whether you came in evening clothes before he put on his own. I came down expecting to find some wild, woolly person, and when I saw you—you can imagine how I felt."

I didn't know whether she was talking in good faith, or just to find out from the way I took it what class I did belong to. I laughed easily enough, and said that where she classified me must depend on whether she took into account what I'd done or what I anticipated doing, and said that if she'd seen me crawling back into town after my two years of failure in the gold fields she'd think that Mr. Stanley's joke was a pretty grim reality

Something in the way she'd spoken of this uncouth person whom George Stanley had interested himself in did more to keep me at my distance from her, and on my guard, than all the frank friendliness she showed me could undo

No, I was sure I was not in love with her

CHAPTER III

THE two years and more that I spent in the city slipped away so fast and so uneventfully, as compared with former times, that it is hard for me to remember just when this or that event happened. I think I got along with what money I brought East with me by close scraping for nearly a year. I know I had very little left and was on the point of looking about for a job when Fletcher, in the most unexpected way, settled that difficulty for me by luring me as his private secretary.

The greatest help I could give him was in his work. I kept everything in order—that is, in the kind of order he wanted it to be in, and I did a great deal of his routine mathematical work for him. That, by the way, was as good for me as it was for him, or better

But I am telling my story, not his, and for that next year it deals more with Adele Broughton than with him. It was a few months after I went to live with Fletcher, and just a little before Christmas, that I had a talk with her which put us on a different footing from the one we had kept up to that time

I told her, I remember, that I was trying to think of something to give to Fletcher for Christmas. "If I could give him a really new idea about something," said I, "it would be just the thing, but I get all mine from him. And the only material thing I can think of that he'd like is a good portrait of you. But I'm afraid that you won't help me out."

"I don't know whether you expect me to feel complimented or not, but I don't," she said. "And I think the way Mr. Fletcher treats me is very insulting, and you treat me just as badly as he does."

"If you really mean that, Miss Broughton will you please tell me just what I've done that offends you?" I asked, as stiffly as possible

I can see her now, just as she looked when she answered me. She sat exactly facing me, leaning back in an easy chair—that wasn't the way most girls sat in those days—her eyes just open enough for her to see me under her lashes, and I can hear her even voice

"You've known me for more than a year, Mr. Drake, and I think you ought to know that you're one of my friends No, let me go on. But you've never made me one of your friends. You've never talked to me ten minutes as you talk by the hour to Mr. Fletcher or to Mr.—to George Stanley. I forget that he's a cousin, for I've never seen him. You come here and talk to me about nothing much—that's all you think I'm interested in—and when you're tired of me you go away You never tell me a word about your plans or your ambitions or anything"

I let that go unanswered for a long while, and she waited, sitting quite still, and looking at me as steadily as I was looking at her. I had some jest or other at the end of my tongue, but I couldn't say it. When I did speak I said something else.

"I've always thought you let me come to see you as much as I have because I gave you a little entertainment. I never thought that my personal concerns, unless they were amusing in themselves, had any interest for you; just because they were mine, I mean. Do you care anything about my ambitions and my plans? Do you care anything, even a very little, about me, myself?" I didn't ask it very steadily.

"You aren't very kind, or very observant, either, to ask a question like that," she said. And then in an instant, before I even could realize what she'd said, she changed her attitude in the chair, and began telling some amusing experience of the night before.

When I went home that night I went straight to bed, because for some reason or other I didn't feel like talking to Fletcher. What I wonder about now, as I think it over, is that she didn't entirely convince me. I lay awake all that night trying to decide about her; whether I was really in love with her, whether I even liked her; whether, perhaps, Fletcher wasn't right after all. What troubled me most was to find a reason for doubting her. At last, early in the morning, I made up my mind that I was only confusing matters so I got up and dressed and went to work on copper. There is no nonsense about copper.

"EXPECTING TO FIND SOME WILD, WOOLLY PERSON"

But the next evening I went over to the Stanleys' again. The butler said that Miss Stanley and Archibald were in the drawing-room, and that the rest of the family, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley and Adele, were in the library, so I went up there They were talking about George.

For the first year after I came back East we had all heard from him as regularly as could be expected, considering where he was; hardly once had a month gone by without our having letters. But at this time I think it must have been six months since they had heard a word of him. At first nobody had so much as hinted that there was anything to be alarmed about, but, as the time wore on, all of them, except old Mr. Stanley, began to show in one way or another how their anxiety was deepening into something pretty close to despair. But, at last, on this very day I am telling about, the letter came During the dark days they had mentioned his name but seldom, but when I came in they seemed to be trying to make up for it all in one evening; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley did, I mean, Adele hardly joining at all in the talk.

Somewhere about eleven o'clock, when they had told about him from his infancy up, and I had repeated all my Wild West stories, I said good-night, and started down the stairs Adele overtook me before I had gone far, and said she wanted to speak to me. There was a sort of divan at the end of the hall on the second floor, and there we sat down together

We were both silent for a minute, and then her presence there, so near, overcame me. "Adele," said I, "you didn't answer the questions I asked you last night. You didn't tell me whether——"

"Let me talk first," she interrupted "It's about last night that I wanted to speak to you. I was silly to say what I did. I don't want you to remember it."

"Do you take it back, Adele? Or do you mean that you're sorry I know?"

"Don't!" she exclaimed. "That's just what I don't want you to think. I don't take it back. I meant just what I said, but I didn't mean anything—anything at all—more than I said. And I'm sorry I said as much as I did, because I see that you misunderstood it."

It seemed as impossible that her even voice could contain any echo of the passion that was in mine as that the color should come into the cheeks of a marble statue. I did not try to speak, so she went on.

"I'd wanted you to be one of my friends ever since I first met you, and it seemed as though you were no nearer it last night than you were before you ever saw me, and I was too frank in telling you. I don't mean to take it back, only you mustn't misunderstand."

"I'm sorry, Miss Broughton, that I was such an idiot," said I, getting to my feet. "I beg your pardon."

"And I didn't mean just now," she went on without rising, "that you mustn't call me Adele. I'd like you to do that"

"Good night," said I, and I didn't dare take her hand as she held it out to me.

For the next few days I was quite worthless. Even copper failed to put me on my feet again, and the mess I made of the long mathematical calculations I tried to carry out for Fletcher may easily be imagined

(Continued on Page 15)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶ The man who catches the fish seldom allows any credit to the man who baited the hook.

¶ Any one seeking happiness should always keep on the safe side and buy a return ticket home.

¶ The sluggard has often been advised to go to the ant, but the man who sits down in the woods for a little rest discovers that the ant goes to the sluggard.

¶ Those busy inventors who were trying to find substitutes for meat are now busy looking for something to take the place of coal. In the meanwhile those who have money to burn may invest in anthracite.

¶ "I am not to be considered in any sense a candidate for the nomination for President in 1904," writes Senator Marcus A. Hanna. But they all say that, and nobody ever refuses a nomination when it is made.

¶ It was the farmers of Lexington who took matters in hand and began the war that brought American independence. Just now the farmers are taking pitchforks and shotguns in hand to bring about the better regulation of the automobile.

¶ John W. Gates predicts that the United States will be able to buy the rest of the world within twenty-five years and not miss the money. But Mr Gates was talking on the flood-tide. There is a lot of valuable real estate which Uncle Sam does not own, and judging from the expense bills that have come from Cuba and the Philippines he will not want much more of it.

¶ More than a hundred thousand immigrants a month is the record now and it is the highest ever known. But it is highest in numbers only. The crowds coming in now are largely made up of the ignorant and non-producers. And these worthless additions to the population are generally attached to the large cities. They must live and our prosperity must feed them. Sometimes it is a great disadvantage for a country to be rich.

The Frankensteins of Finance

SINCE the sixth day of time there has always been an inquisitive Eve in her sequestered Garden of Eden, or an investigating Doctor Loeb in his well-advertised University of Chicago, who has pried into the secrets of life and achieved death or a page in the Sunday "yellows," according to the age and its standards of punishment. Frankenstein, for the purposes of Mrs. Shelley's story, penetrated the least important of them. From the bones and refuse of the charnel-house he pieced together a monster that looked and walked and talked like a man—a beast with man-borrowed muscles and brain, but without the God-given soul. Then, with the fatuous pride of the inventor, he coddled and taught his monster until it rounded on him and sought to destroy him.

Mrs. Shelley lived before men, from the dead bones and members of other men, had constructed the first trust; but none the less, in Frankenstein, she wrote the parable of this heartless, intelligent machine which is stronger than its creators. Coddling is making it more potent for evil daily. In these good times the trust builders cry: Don't touch us, or you will bring on hard times! And when hard times come, as sooner or later they always do, it will be: Don't touch us, or you will send the country to smash!

But the issue must be met and the monster restrained, and it can be done more easily to-day than to-morrow. Through the smoke of doubt which has clouded the situation we are beginning to grope to a simple means of giving first aid to the injured.

A corporation or combination is only unduly oppressive and to be feared when it enjoys unfair advantages. If all men had been, and were, free and equal on the country's highways—the railroads—there could be no criminal trusts; if tariffs were, and had been, imposed wisely, impartially and only of necessity, there could be no looting of the whole country with the staples and necessaries of life as a club; if the corporation laws provided for publicity and a check on the issuing of stock without a proper quid pro quo, there could be no one Individual crushing out Individualism—that happy condition of affairs where the stores and mills and factories of a country make thousands for the many instead of millions for the few.

It is pleasant to note that the uneasiness which the people have felt all along is being shared in some small degree by a few of those who have lent willing hands to the building of the monster. A few weeks ago, a pamphlet emanated from Wall Street directed against its autocrat, Mr. Morgan, and protesting against the further centralization of power in his hands; yet it was a Wall Street Moses who first struck the rock from which has gushed the ever-swelling stream of water that has floated Mr. Morgan's argosies. And when, a short time back, the President of the Northern Securities Company, in a speech in Chicago, announced that the time for weaning our infant industries had come, it looked as if one Morgan combination were beginning to chafe at the toil which the excessive tariff enables another Morgan combination to levy.

No one wishes to see the Titans fall to fighting among themselves; to see corporations and combinations destroyed; or to work undue hardship upon them. But every one wants to see them shorn of their power to work hardship on the people; to see them deprived of those unfair advantages and privileges which enable them to stifle competition and independent enterprise. A fair field and favor to the weak, if favor must be shown, is what we need in this country.

We should be glad to have our readers' opinion on this subject, and to print as many of their letters of not more than one hundred words each as space will permit.

New Assets for Our Cities

IT CAN be set down as a safe rule that every popular agitation of a public question produces good results. A valuable illustration of the fact is found in important cases of late. Readers of this magazine recall numerous papers by mayors of cities and other men closely identified with municipal affairs, in which many references were made to public franchises freely given to corporations through the operation of distressing and apparently irremediable influences. Hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of city streets, for instance, have been voted from the people into private use, so far as railways are concerned.

But the constant references to these facts, despite the seeming hopelessness of good, have already brought forth wonderful results. As a single instance of the new dispensation, take the tunnel franchise which the Pennsylvania Railroad has secured from New York City. This will not interfere with any traffic, inconvenience a single individual, or disfigure any thoroughfare. But it is a privilege that is intrinsically valuable, and we find the city and the corporation dealing frankly with it as a business proposition. The result? Well, the corporation will pay the city $2,500,000 in twenty-five years and agrees at the end of that time to a revaluation. No wonder the papers declare it too good to be true.

The great, the incalculable blessing is that, however much has been lost in the past through negligence and boodle politics, we are coming to the time when no important public franchise can be granted in any American city unless liberal compensation be made to the public. This is one of the most valuable gains ever known in municipal government, and it has been brought about by the constant work of public-spirited men aided and encouraged by publications that are devoted to the best interests of the times.

Philippine Letters to the Editor

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

Even those who advised the conquest of the Philippines, "because it will pay," must admit that the investment is slow in making returns. So far, we see a small people nearly all destroyed; their industries crippled; many, many American homes filled with mourning. We have all been taxed, poor and rich alike, and to pay for what? All that bloodshed. For crushing under our powerful heel a people who have as much right to live as we. H. L. C.

Red Lake Falls, Minnesota.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

If the United States shall train the Filipino sternly, intelligently, and fit him for self-government, the future will give him a government of his own. Our duty is to-day. Fear not for future liberty if we rightly do our present work. Look at conditions. Can we improve the Philippines? England improve South Africa? It is our duty. Seeming unjust usages—water-cure, steel pellets, etc.—are but trifles. How many heroic souls form the foundation for our civilization? How many required to keep civilization advancing? America's work in the Philippines, England's work in South Africa, is Improvement. Read of Israel and remember the source of those commissions. Don't contradict the law of Progress. R. A. S

Anita, Iowa.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

To all who have thoughtfully studied our nation's history it must certainly seem that its darkest chapter is the despicable war in the Philippines. When we trace our country's growth step by step, when we see how she has conquered through right and the noble spirit of freedom, and when we see also how that spirit culminated in the splendid war for Cuba's independence, we are shocked at the sad contrast afforded by our treatment of the Filipinos. It seems hardly possible that our grand, freedom-loving America should turn upon a people whom she had freed from one despotism and, with blackest treachery, place her again in servile subjection. It is a perfidy to cause every true American a feeling of national shame and dishonor. SUBSCRIBER.

Monroe City, Missouri.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post.

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations" are the words of the Great Teacher. From the beginning of the Christian Era men and women have given up all to spread the good news. It now falls to the lot of England and the United States as nations to deny themselves that civilization may be transmitted to the utmost parts of the earth. The Boers were an obstacle to the opening of Central Africa; England has chosen to remove that barrier. The United States has had an orphan left at her door. Are we to leave this child to the wolves of the nations, or to mature its growth, stunted and dwarfed by internal troubles and dissensions? Rather let us adopt this child as a member of our household, sparing neither money nor pains for its education and development. What are the boundless resources of this country given to us for? Are we not stewards of this bounty? Shall we prove unfaithful stewards? A. S. H.

Beaver Run, New Jersey.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

CLEMENT A. GRISCOM
GEORGE F. BAER

MR. CLEMENT A. GRISCOM

MR GEO. F. BAER

OF THE two great cities of our Eastern coast, this curious difference is predicable—a famous New Yorker is seldom a New Yorker by birth; a leading Philadelphian is almost always Philadelphia-born. In no respect is there a more striking point of differentiation between these two cities than this. From the West, from the East, from the South, from New England—from anywhere but New York itself—come "million-footed Manhattan's" leaders in finance, in law, in literature, in business, in public affairs. But in Philadelphia it is vastly different; almost every man of prominence was born in the city, was educated there, married there, and has always lived there

The greatest Philadelphian of all, indeed, was not born in the city, which, in his day, clustered within the narrow strip between the Schuylkill and the Delaware. Benjamin Franklin went there from Boston, taking with him an infusion of New England breeziness and verve. But Franklin was a Philadelphian when he won his fame

The case of Franklin, though, is not typical of Philadelphia Usually, when a Philadelphian is not a native of his city he is at least a native of his State, and went to Philadelphia as to its honored metropolis. Pennsylvanians are loyal to their Keystone Commonwealth.

In one weighty and significant particular Franklin set an example which has been followed since his day by the most successful men of Philadelphia, whether born in that city or in some other section. Franklin did work which was of influence far beyond the borders of Philadelphia; work that was of far-reaching importance; and the work of two other leaders, in that city of homes, is, particularly to-day, of like widespread consequence: Clement A. Griscom, the head of a corporation whose steamships carry the American flag to British and European ports, and George F. Baer, who, as president of two railroads and of a powerful coal-mining organization, practically controls the anthracite coal industry of the country.

It is well worth while to set forth somewhat of the careers of these men prominent in the public eye through their work, but of little known personality.

A Prize-Winner at County Fairs

At a recent county fair, held near the city of Philadelphia, a noteworthy feature was a great exhibit of delicious butter, and around the cones of golden yellow there was an ambulatory stream of admirers.

"Whose butter is it?" was the general query.

And it was found that it was the exhibit of a hard-working farmer of the neighborhood. The judges, delighted with the display, straightway voted to give it the first prize. And the farmer took the long, blue ribbon, covered with its profusion of gilt letters, with keenest personal pride.

He did not look in the least like the farmer of the comic papers. He looked like a wealthy man, a man of assured position and standing, as indeed he was. Away from the locality of his country home, which is near Haverford, a suburb of Philadelphia, he is known only as a leader in transportation and finance

He is one of twelve wealthy dwellers in the Philadelphia suburbs who have formed a Farmers' Club. These wealthy men strive to outvie each other in producing rare and valuable farm products, and they have banquets once a month at the homes of the different members in rotation—thus rounding out each year with a banquet at the home of each member. In each case the host of the day spreads forth for the delectation of his guests the choicest products of his own well-tilled acres. And it is said that the repasts are not always limited to bread and milk and eggs, to berries and cider.

Mr. Griscom's career has been one of steady advancement. He is descended from a family of Friends, who came to Philadelphia over two hundred years ago, and whose members assumed an important place in the community from the very first. He was born in Philadelphia a little more than sixty years ago. He attended the high school of his native city for two years, and then completed his education in a Quaker academic institution. The statement that he "married a Biddle" will to all Philadelphians fittingly cap the record of a distinctively Philadelphian career.

He took his first step in business by accepting a clerkship in a prominent shipping house, and so promptly were his abilities recognized that he was made one of the partners when he was but twenty-two years old. From that time he has been a national force in matters of steamship enterprise. When the International Navigation Company was organized Mr. Griscom was prominent in the movement, and was made Vice-President of the corporation. Later he became President, a position which he still retains. His interests are widespread in financial circles, and his name appears as officer or director in the lists of a multitude of companies, transit, financial and banking. He is now prominent in the organization of the new Ocean Trust.

"Hard work; nothing but hard work"—that is all he himself claims as the cause of his success

Busy though he is, as a man of affairs, he finds much time for social relaxation. He is a devoted club man, and belongs to some half dozen such organizations in Philadelphia and New York, including the famous "Millionaires" Club of the latter city.

He is, too, a Corsair—a club of which Mr. J. P. Morgan and other mighty financiers are members—and when those who comprise the organization sit down to one of their club dinners they make a jolly gathering of Corsairs, indeed. But it should be added that the name which they so oddly chose comes, not from matters or deeds piratical, but from the name of the yacht on which the party first foregathered.

Tending toward stoutness is Mr. Griscom, and inclined to stoop slightly in his brisk walk. Somewhat of bluntness there is, of arbitrariness, in his ordinary manner, and yet, withal, a certain geniality, and an unmistakable expression that marks him as one who is well cognizant of the good things of this life, and knows how to enjoy them.

He declares that farming pursuits are anything but disconducive to success in matters financial, and at Dolobran, his country seat, he yields himself freely to the keen delights of a life in touch with the soil.

There this farmer, this quondam financier and man of affairs, loves to talk discursively of strawberries and raspberries, of rare varieties of peaches and apples and pears. Mounted on one of his splendid horses, Farmer Griscom loves to gallop off to Soapstone Farm, three miles away, and there he lovingly inspects his stock, for he has established one of the finest stock farms in the United States.

The Printer Who Went to War

Old soldiers still love to tell of the bravery of a slender young captain who, at the head of his company, was one of the first men to reach the crest of the hill at Fredericksburg, in the face of the fierce fire which, on that December day just forty years ago, mowed down so many thousands of men. The young captain, quiet-faced and gentle-mannered except when in battle, was George F. Baer, and he was just twenty.

He was born in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, and was educated at a local school. When only thirteen years old he became a printer on the Somerset Democrat, but after two years of this work he left the printer's case and entered Franklin and Marshall College, at Lancaster; then, returning to newspaper work, he purchased, with his brother Henry, the paper at which he had worked when a mere boy.

Then the Civil War broke out, and the two brothers felt the fever of patriotism in their blood. Each wished to go to the front, but neither wanted selfishly to leave the other behind. Then they spoke frankly to each other: "We are both anxious to go—but we have put our money into this newspaper——" and they looked at each other in dubiety. "Which one shall it be?"

At length George consented that Henry should be the one

"But the increase of work will interfere with your study of law," said Henry

"I can do the work of the newspaper and also keep at my law-books," said George. So one marched away, and the other remained to work and study.

But the one who was to stay at home found the task a hard one. The drums and fifes sounded daily and nightly for recruits; squads and companies and regiments went gallantly to the front; news of battle after battle came in.

And at length George could stand it no longer. He sold the newspaper plant—what mattered it that money must be lost!—and he too became a soldier. He joined the army just in time for the second battle of Bull Run, and after that took part in one engagement after another, including the conflicts of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

Returning home from the war George completed his law studies and was admitted to the bar. Quiet though he was, he was a fighter by nature, and his army experience had deepened this feeling. But he deemed that peace has its victories no less worth the winning than those of war. And he set himself to the winning of them

He soon moved to the city of Reading, and in one of his first cases he established for his client the title to a great section of land, worth fully half a million dollars. This victory made the older lawyers of the city rub their eyes in amazement, but then they comfortably decided among themselves that it was a mere freak of luck.

A Panic-Stricken Board of Directors

One day, shortly afterward, a case was put on trial against the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company. It was a suit for damages for personal injuries, and the company's lawyers, accustomed to triumph, superciliously defended what they deemed a sure case. But Baer had been retained by the injured man, and so clearly did he cross examine witnesses, and so keenly did he point out the law, that the supposedly impregnable defense was overthrown, and a verdict for heavy damages was won.

There was an interesting scene at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Reading a few days later. "We cannot afford to have this man in the service of our enemies," was the prevailing expression. "He would be retained in a host of cases. It is of vital importance to our treasury that this young lawyer be set to defend it instead of allowing him to attack it."

Negotiations were entered into, and Mr. Baer became one of the counsel for the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. He was then less than thirty years of age; he had been admitted to practice for only six years; and four of those six years he had spent in a small town before going to Reading.

He continued as one of the company's counsel through all administrations, until April of last year, when he was made President of the railroad and also of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. He feels a touch of pride, too, in another Presidency—that of the Board of Trustees of Franklin and Marshall College, where he received his education.

Since becoming President of the Reading he has attracted wide attention on account of striking improvements, instituted by him, in the service of the road, and has also been prominently in the public eye on account of being the head of the coal company and the railway company most deeply affected by the great coal strike

A strong churchman he is; a student of the Bible; and in earnest conversation, and more particularly in formal address, he is wont to quote the earnest Biblical phraseology; he is apt to apply the teachings of the Bible to problems of the present day.

"'Thou shalt not' of the Ten Commandments," he says, "is God's eternal injunction." And when, in a public speech, he criticises the arguments of agitators, he exclaims: "'Blind leaders of the blind'; 'they know not what they do.'"

But such Scriptural references are simply, naturally, almost unconsciously, made.

Slender; of medium height; with long Roman nose; eyes that are strikingly full, with deep lines curving under each; with narrow beard, lengthening a long and narrow face; he looks at you through genially alert eyes that at times have almost a half-closed aspect. He is apt to slide well down in his chair as he talks. He is always well dressed, but his fancy is apt to run to blunt, square-toed shoes, to plain little bows with turn-down collars, and on hot days he is not unlikely to sit at his desk democratically in his shirt-sleeves. His watch-chain is of heavy links, and the charm that dangles from it is a little gold grizzly. "Just a joke on my name, you know—from a friend."

"And my secret of success?" he says, with his slow smile. "Just common-sense and industry; nothing else."

"Safe Now in the Wide, Wide World"

An Unofficial Baccalaureate

By Jesse Lynch Williams

YOU may imagine," said the old graduate, "that I am going to remind you, with an indulgent smile, of how little you really know about this wide, wide world you are entering with such 'high hopes and noble aspirations'; how many disillusionments you are bound to suffer; what hard bumps you are going to receive upon a somewhat enlarged head; what a truly pitiful and possibly absurd spectacle you young graduates present, vainly trying to set a rather solid world on fire by means of little sheepskin diplomas tied with pretty ribbons. In short, that you are now saying good-by to the happiest period of existence—if you only knew it, that life from this time forth to the end is a series of struggles mingled with disappointments and sorrows; that you probably won't get what you want, or if you get it you won't want it, and that most of the zest and poetry and fun of living have gone never to return. But I don't intend to say anything of the sort."

The old graduate paused and leaned back in his chair The younger brother regretted that he would be obliged to go on with his shaving. It was Commencement morning, only an hour before the academic procession formed A mortar-board and a gown lay on the bed near by

"If I patronize you on your ignorance of the world—and I suppose I shall—it will be on the score of your ignorance of what a very good place, on the whole, it is, this 'great school of life,' as your orators call it who have heard about it. And if I give you any advice—and I certainly mean to—it will be along the line of how to get as much fun as possible out of the elective and required courses you are now about to tackle.

The Little Graduate and the Big World

"I think you have already had your full share of 'my dear young friends' talk about your solemn duty and grave responsibility as educated young men. You have had enough if not too much about the disillusionments of life, and the cruelty of the world, and the heartlessness of the bitter struggle. Every one who has talked or written about life for you from the time living and moralizing began has said pretty much the same thing about youth. Namely, that it is the time of dreams which never come true and hopes that are never realized. A little of this discounting of the future is wholesome. It would be a shame to send you out into the world expecting to be a prince in a fairy tale. But each year a few more well-meaning people make a few more of these same old sententious remarks in the same old superior way. By this time it is being absurdly overdone. You can't pick up a newspaper at this season of the year without finding a joke about the little graduate and the big world; every comic periodical has its perennial cartoon about the conceited ignorance of the fresh crops of college men and their unwieldy academic degrees. Comic artists make them because they are so easy to sell to editors.

"Now, whether noticed by others or not, these things are taken pretty seriously by you who are about to die. For that matter so are all the complacent satirists in literature who smile quizzically at you while trying to convince you how ridiculous your hopes are. So are the classic poets who sigh sentimentally over the pathetic illusions of happy youth. So are the philosophers and preachers and professors and parents who tell you how little you know about the unknown gulf of reality before you. It has even come to this: you have learned the trick of it yourselves, for I have observed certain of your own poets and orators during your class-day exercises satirically making game of their ignorance of the world they are about to enter, or sentimentalizing fondly over the ending of what they have learned to call 'the happiest period of a man's life!' What nonsense!

"Undoubtedly it is a picturesque period of your existence you are leaving, and a pleasant. It's a fine thing to be an undergraduate. It's a happy, care-free life—if you keep from making a fool of yourself—and not without its solid satisfactions. Even if you haven't made full use of your opportunities, it is eminently worth while for the firm friendships that you form, which last a lifetime. As a wise preacher once said, 'It is better to have come and loafed than never to have come at all.'

"But after ten years of it I have found that it is still a better thing to be a graduate, and that there are greater joys in life than winning football games or sitting in a Morris chair by a dormitory fireplace, surrounded by one's best-beloved pals—though it's hard for you to believe the latter on this particular day.

"Naturally the world won't show its best side at first. Freshman year is seldom the pleasantest. It's no cinch, this required course in real living, with its work and worry, strain and struggle, loving and hoping, marrying and rearing children, burying some of them, supporting the others, paying their bills, trying to be and do the square thing toward your fellow-man, trying to believe a great many things that you can't know, and finally trying to render a fairly decent account of yourself at the end. It's no joke, to be sure, and it sounds rather appalling to you now, no doubt, as you look up at all that long schedule from the point of view of a freshman. But Post-Kantian Philosophy and certain other courses which I have forgotten the names of also sounded rather formidable in freshman year. Later, when you came to them in the natural order of things, you found they were not so bad after all. You slid over them and still managed to smile occasionally. 'And so with life,' as sophomore poets say. You slide over from being a kid to being a man without realizing where one stopped and the other began, and it isn't so bad after all. You will have to work now more than you play, instead of playing more than you work, but that is not very hard luck. You wouldn't want to fool around this way much longer, anyhow. It's no fun for an upperclassman to paint his class numerals on fence-posts, like a freshman.

"Old graduates, or rather the young ones, are given to telling you what a struggle life is. But they seldom confess to you how much eager enjoyment they get out of the struggle even when they don't win first prize. It is a shame for me to give them away in this fashion, the noble army of martyrs; you can look upon it as grim necessity, or sad-faced duty, if you prefer; but the work of the world is very much like a great game, and all real men want to be in it. A scramble, a struggle?—assuredly, but so is football, but both are worth it for the thrill of the contest, even if you cannot win the championship. And those cares? responsibilities? Yes, they are there in abundance, but all as normal parts of the game. Bucking up against them adds to the zest, and losing is better than not playing on the team at all. And if you are disabled and carried off the field—hard luck, but that's nothing against the game itself.

The Fun of Doing the World's Work

"The trouble is that to you fellows work has always meant something you did not want to do, but had to; a task imposed upon you by those in authority, something that intervened between you and a good time. You aren't really so lazy as you suppose. You have simply misapplied your energy because you weren't old enough to know any better, or else because you have not yet found your proper position on the team, and hence have not discovered the true joy of the great game called the world's work.

"And that brings me to speak of what might be my firstly if I had arranged this in true sermon form and had not already got almost half through.

"Find your own job—whatever else you do or don't do in this more or less cruel world, through this more or less sad vale of tears—find the job that you were meant for, whatever that may be. It may take you a long time to find it, and you may get it only after a long and perplexing process of elimination, but keep on till you get it. I have no sympathy with the doctrine of repression. It makes neither for happiness nor usefulness. (You see we old grads can run in those professorial phrases once in a while when we try hard. 'Makes for' is all right!) Men have been known to be useful citizens and tolerably happy after marrying the wrong girl, but mighty seldom when their job is a misfit. Right here I know I should be frowned upon by those who suffer from an enlarged sense of Duty, those who are given to rather vulgar exposure of the conscience and spell Self-Abnegation in caps and pronounce it so you can hear the hyphen But all the same I have noticed that those who have been useful and happy in the 'stay home with farm and the old people' capacity have generally become so only after acquiring a fondness for farming. And those who kept on hating farming and feeling sorry for themselves have often been obliged to put a mortgage on the property and are not agreeable company even to themselves.

"There was Billy Sinclair in our class; went into the ministry because his mother wanted him to. He knew she had been praying for it ever since the day he was born, sent him to college with that in view; and he thought it was his duty. Maybe it was. We all respected his devotion, but I always maintained that it was wrong, both to him and the job, whether it was his duty or not. At each reunion of the class he came back with a more ghastly face, a more sickly smile, until finally—well you know how it turned out in his case. It isn't because he's making so much money in Wall Street that he is so different, so buoyant and bright-eyed and the way a man ought to be, but because the square peg has at last got out of the round hole and into a square one. Incidentally, in fact, I might say consequently, he is doing more actual good in the world, as I happen to know, than he ever did or could do as a clergyman

Swimming Chickens and Blooming Birds

"As a preacher he could no more do what he was put here for, could no more attain his highest degree of efficiency—realize his own individuality, if that sounds more impressive—than, well, to take something poetic, than a flower could make a success at singing or a bird at blooming. The very essence of work is one's self in action. It isn't merely exertion, but exertion in your own medium. Chickens cannot swim well, nor do they enjoy trying. But in your own element, work ought to be no more abhorrent than for a flower to push out a bud or a bird to carry twigs to build a nest, both of which are perhaps difficult but presumably congenial tasks. Sometimes I suppose they seem rather irksome—in bad weather we will say—but not to do them at all is wrong, is abnormal, is perversion, is obstructing the universe, is miserable. Moral number one: Nobody can be happy without working, and you'd better work at your own job if you can. (No, I refuse to advise you about what you are fitted for. You can have the fun of fighting that out. That's your job at present.)

"Now, there are many other things to say about work, some of them as trite as my last remark or two and some of them not so trite; but you are almost ready to put on your gown and strut.

"I don't know that you need this bit of advice, number two, as yet, but eventually you will, for I know your breed Work hard, work intently, work sweatingly, in man-fashion, with your God-given faculties, but—do not make up your mind always to do your very best in everything you undertake. Because you can't. Do not tell yourself that you will never let go a piece of work until satisfied that you cannot improve it. If you live up to that you will never finish anything but yourself. People repeat this copy-book maxim in a parrot-like way, but it is largely hot air, and frequently proves harmful. That advice was given to a phlegmatic nation, whose people seldom have nervous breakdowns. It is not applicable to ours, whose people are always over working. Certainly no one has a right to be satisfied with his work, but you ought to know that it is impossible to do your very best. It is not given to mere man to do his very best. You must not expect it.

"Only one man ever got all there was to get out of Himself, only one man was ever able to do His very best, and He was divine. Nothing is ever so well done but that you can improve on it. And by the time you have incorporated those improvements, you yourself, the artificer, will have developed

and improved, so that you will have a new point of view from which you will gain new conceptions of your piece of work, showing new defects not dreamed of before. Then when these are corrected you will by the same process perceive other faults—unless by this time you have knocked the whole thing out of proportion and have nothing to show for your labor at all—and so on indefinitely It is an endless process and a dangerous tendency. The limit of the perfect circle can never be reached, and meanwhile time is flying, and your head is becoming muddled by too much intensity on the same subject, quite out of proportion to the object

"I remember, when our track team went abroad, the English athletes were amazed and amused at the strictness and strenuousness of our training. 'But I fancy you miss a good deal of the fun of sport,' one of them said in his cocky English manner

"'But we win events,' said one of our sprinters, flaring up. Unfortunately the Englishmen won the match. Our team was overtrained. We tried too hard. There's a limit to the degree to which one should strain for success if one wishes to win success rather than sympathy. This limit can usually be seen by the simple process of standing off at a distance and looking at things calmly until we discern their true proportions

"I'm inclined to believe that at least one-half the young men, especially the college graduates I meet on the street in business hours, are straining too hard; they are overtrained. They are missing the fun of the sport. The worst of it is that in most cases they deserve no pity. They are quite proud of it; love to boast of how hard they work, and how often the nerve doctor has warned them. I am always rather relieved when I hear of their finally breaking down with nervous prostration, for then I am encouraged to believe that they have learned their little lesson and are not so likely to make fools of themselves again. It's no more creditable or profitable for a man to overwork himself than to overwork his horse. Nothing except the safety of your soul is worth the price of your body. Moral number two: Don't overwork!—What's that? You think there's no danger in your case? Just you wait a couple of years or so until the day you come around and ask me to dine with you, saying that you have something important you want to talk over with me, and looking like a sick calf as you say it. Then, after you have confided to me her name and as much about it as I can stand, and have begun to tell me how many hours extra work a day you are doing—I'll go on with the moral

Don't Go Through Life with Blinders

"It's about time I reached my 'Finally, brother.' Here it is. In whatever sort of work you happen to be, for Heaven's sake try to avoid the blind spot that every job is sure to generate—unless you take particular pains to avoid it by looking at other men and their jobs once in a while. Most men don't even try to avoid it.

"Every business or profession develops a characteristic expert keenness of vision in one direction; but with it, according to the laws of compensation, there comes a corresponding blindness in another direction. For instance, some venerable and lovable old clergymen we know have a way of referring most casually and familiarly to the Deity If you were to venture to suggest that this offends some people, they would probably give you a silent look of hurt surprise, and perhaps pray for your evident lack of devoutness. That shows their blind spot. Likewise, many a business man, owing to his blind spot, can see only real-estate values and factory sites where others are gazing at sunsets. Newspaper men see only a stunning first page beat in what was meant for a confidence. College professors who are supposed to furnish you with an equipment to live with sometimes go lusting after mere knowledge, and forget to acquire wisdom, for their blind spot makes them overlook the fact that the mere possession of knowledge is no more commendable than any other possession, being of no more real value to the world than a library full of books which no one reads.

"Now, it would be quite remarkable if all this were otherwise. (Like all sermons my 'Finally' is long drawn out.) Each man is the centre of his own universe, and seldom realizes how many other centres there happen to be, or, if so, that the other centres are just as good as his own. He can't see in other men's perspective. 'Bread is the staff of life,' says the farmer. 'They may guy us, but what would they do without our crops—and our votes? We are the people.'

"'It is curious how every business, every profession, every interest in life centres in mine,' says the sharp-eyed lawyer complacently. 'My profession is unique in that it has to do with everything and everybody'

"'In at the death and there at the birth,' says the doctor. 'What could they do without me. Morning, noon and night it's doctor, doctor everywhere. I hold their lives in my hand

"'Here they come, all sorts and conditions of men,' muses the clergyman on Sunday; 'the doctor, the farmer, the banker. All of them have souls to save—so has that lawyer who does not go to church. I must see him to-morrow. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"'

"Meanwhile the newspaper man prints the news about them all, for he keeps his finger on the pulse of the whole world for news. No factor in modern civilization is so important as the press,' says he.

"And here stands a philosopher smiling upon them like a patriarch and thinking, 'I alone know how all-important each one thinks himself.'

"Now, as a matter of fact, each one *is* important, just as important as he thinks Only so are all the others! And not one of them would be of much use alone. And that is what I want you to think about once in a while after you get out into the world and begin to be absorbed in whatever is going to absorb you—the sense of proportion, and the idea of interdependence. Avoid the blind spot. Think of the other fellow's point of view. Don't strain at life, for living and all that the term connotes is, after all, a natural, normal performance.

'If you do that I sha'n't fear that your life will become sordid and selfish, for your sympathy and your intelligence and your religion will do the rest. You will do the square thing, the kind thing, the generous thing—not because a scowling sense of duty says 'must,' but because you want to, because that's the way you will get your fun. And so when certain critical moments come you will not find it so outlandishly hard to do perhaps the noble thing, the occasional act of self sacrifice—because it will seem to you to be the only thing to do, the thing you expect of yourself, and the way to get your zest.

"You have had some bad times with yourself in these four years now over; you will doubtless have worse ones. You have had a bit of hard luck; you are pretty sure to have some harder luck. You have not made a startling success of your life thus far; and you will hardly have reason to be satisfied with yourself when you finish. But you will probably come out of it all the more convinced that living is worth while, that what little you may have done to make it a better thing for others was about the best fun of the whole game, that human nature with all its foibles, lovable or laughable, is a pretty good thing to have around, that there is a good God in Heaven, and all's well with the world. Now run along and get your diploma.'

THE COPPER KING

(Continued from Page 11)

He bore it very patiently for several days but at last, on Christmas Eve I remember, he asked me what was the matter with me. I answered that something was wrong with my nervous system

He pondered over that a while, and at last he said: "I believe you're a little bit stale over this theoretical work. If I were you I'd go in for the practical side of it. Take an old suit of clothes and a pick, and get a job in some big copper mine out West. Let the books go for six months, and just keep your eyes open and see how they do it. And forget everything else. Forget that you have nerves. A man your age has no business with any. And if I were you I'd start at once'

I more than guessed that he understood what my complaint really was, but I didn't mind that, for the fiction saved us from talking about it. I didn't take much more than a minute to think over his advice, and then I said I'd start the day after to-morrow

"Why not to-morrow?" he asked.

"To-morrow is Christmas," I answered

"I know it is," said he

I understood what he meant well enough, but I was too proud to run away. I said to myself that I wasn't afraid of one more meeting with her

But none the less I was a good deal relieved when, on walking into the Stanleys' drawing-room on Christmas afternoon, I found the whole family there together. I took my part in the talk for a while and then got up and said that I must say good by, as I was going away

"How long shall you be gone?" Mr. Stanley asked with a smile. "Till this evening, perhaps? Or is it until to-morrow?" Adele laughed and started to say something, but I went on. "No," said I, "I expect to be gone about six months."

I saw a flash of surprise go over her face, and then she turned away toward the window

A moment later, while all the others were exclaiming and questioning at once, she slipped out of the room. She returned presently, and when I had taken leave of the rest she followed me into the hall

"I'd be glad you were going if I weren't so selfish," she said, as she held out her hand to me She did not withdraw it while she stood there, and I could not have let it go. "I think it will be a splendid thing for you, but I don't like to let a friend go away. I shall miss you very much."

Then she thanked me for some roses I had sent her, and as I was turning to go she quickly thrust an envelope into my hand "Merry Christmas!" she whispered

The envelope was sealed, and I did not take it from my pocket to open it till I was in my room. When I had struck a light, I saw written across the face of it in her long, pointed characters: "You may leave this with Mr. Fletcher, if you like"

I knew then what was inside, and I thought perhaps it would be safer to wait until I was some hundreds of miles away before I looked at it. If I remember right, I was a twenty-four hours' ride away from her when I opened the envelope. It contained a little oval photograph of her, done on a bit of ivory

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A New Use for Nickel

JUST now nickel is having a boom for two reasons. A trust has all of the important nickel mines in the world tied up and is threatening to raise the price of the metal; and a new demand for it has been created by the invention of the nickel battery, which is not yet on the market. Inasmuch as the nickel battery weighs only one-third as much as the ordinary lead battery, and is said to be three times as efficient, it is possible, among other things, that it may solve the automobile problem by enabling electric vehicles of that description to distance all competitors, commercially and otherwise. This, however, remains to be proved

A long time ago Mr. Joseph Wharton, a Philadelphian, became interested in nickel, and finally came across a great deposit of iron and copper, containing some nickel also, at Lancaster Gap, Pennsylvania. He bought it, and thus secured the first nickel supply in this country. Having persuaded the Government to buy regularly a part of the output for making nickel pieces—which, as a matter of fact, are seventy-five per cent. copper and only twenty-five per cent. nickel—he sold more of it for nickel plate, and even turned his hand to manufacturing dishes and various utensils out of pure nickel. There did not seem to be a market for nickel dishes and utensils, and the same was true of similar articles which Mr. Wharton made out of cobalt—a metal which is usually found associated with nickel

So he gave up that part of the business; but meanwhile he had established a regular source of supply, and controlled the nickel output of the United States. Such, indeed, continued to be the situation up to a short time ago, when the mines at Lancaster Gap suddenly gave out, and almost simultaneously deposits were discovered at Sudbury, Ontario

Naturally, this confined supply, with the prospect of a rise in the price of the metal, has stimulated a search for nickel everywhere. Hitherto there have been few commercial uses for it, but, if the nickel battery should prove such a success as is expected, immense quantities will be consumed in that way. Recently several promising "finds" have been made—one of them near Candelaria, Nevada, and another in Josephine County, Oregon, where nickel, alloyed with iron, occurs in fine grains in placer deposits, and can be washed out and separated by the help of electro-magnets. Considerable quantities of nickel have also been discovered in lead ore at Mine La Motte, Missouri.

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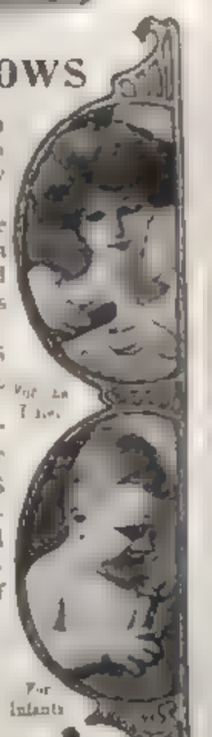

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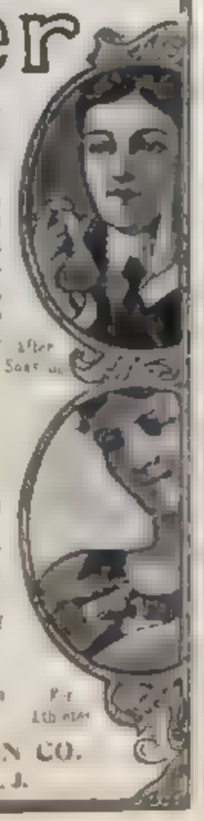

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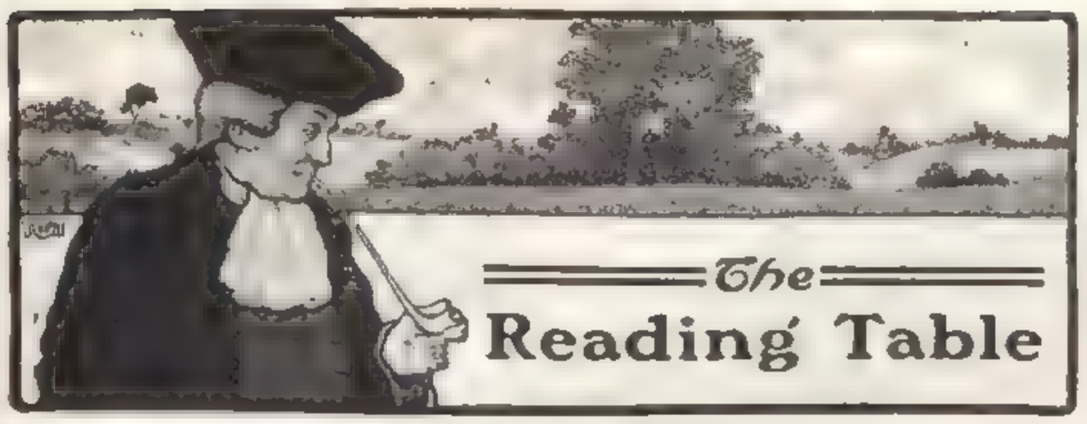

The Locust's Worst Foe

Ever since the English sparrow was imported into this country by the Directors of the Brooklyn Institute, in 1850, people have been trying to find out what the bird is good for. It does an immense amount of harm in various ways, driving away other birds, and making itself a nuisance generally; but, though brought over for the purpose of exterminating noxious insects, it has persistently refused to undertake any such duty. In fact, it is a seed-eater rather than an insect eater.

At last, however, a useful field has been discovered for the sparrow's activity. It is extravagantly fond of the seventeen-year locust, which has appeared recently in such enormous numbers in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Indiana, and several other States. In truth, its addiction to this bug as an article of diet is such that it seems likely to exterminate the species altogether in the course of time. Being an exceedingly voracious bird, it will devour dozens of the locusts in a single day, the latter being feeble flyers and quite unable to escape.

In cities beset by the locust plague this spring the slaughter of the insects by sparrows has been so great that sidewalks have been thickly littered with the gauzy wings of the victims. Only the bodies of the latter are eaten by the birds, the wings being left behind. But the wings do not remain long, for presently armies of ants arrive on the scene and carry them away, thus profiting by the opportunity of a banquet which comes only once in seventeen years. There are other broods of cicadas, as the bugs are properly called, which turn up between times, but they are comparatively few in point of numbers.

It is scarcely just to refer to the seventeen-year locusts as a plague, inasmuch as they eat nothing, and despoil no tree or other plant of its foliage or fruit; but they are justly dreaded by fruit growers and nurserymen, inasmuch as the females injure the young trees and nursery stock by cutting slits in the bark, in which to lay their eggs.

Civilization is unfavorable to the seventeen-year locust, which is disappearing in many localities where formerly it came in swarms. The clearing of forest areas is wiping it out in some regions, and the English sparrow is doing much to assist in the work of its extermination.

An Author in Kilts

Mr. Hamblen Sears, the author of None But the Brave, is a graduate of Harvard, and his home is in New York. He is thirty-seven years old, and of his two previous works one was on the governments of the world and the other was a book of hunting tales; hunting being his favorite pastime. The success of None But the Brave has been so marked that he is busily planning a second novel.

A curious adventure happened to Mr. Sears when he was on a walking tour of the Scottish Highlands some years ago. While clambering down Ben Nevis an accident occurred which necessitated the immediate ministrations of the tailor, and at a little shop in a Highland town Mr. Sears was so inspired by the gallant appearance of some tartans that he ordered a full Highland costume, filibeg, sporran, dirk, cap and all. Thus appareled he marched gayly forth.

He plunged along into the country of the Macdonalds, and into the famous Valley of Glencoe. Everywhere he was received with the profoundest bows and the greatest obsequiousness. Young and handsome and big and strong (he had been captain and full-back on the Harvard Eleven), he could naturally expect something of this sort, but there was too much of it. Crowds would cautiously gather to gaze at him with awed respect.

No explanation was offered, for throughout that particular region all spoke Gaelic, and he could find no one to answer his questions in English.

When approaching Aberdeen he resumed American attire, and in that city spoke to one of the municipal officials in regard to his surprising experience. The old man was gleeful. "Don't you know," he said, "that there is a custom in the Highlands, so strong as to be practically a law, that none shall wear the kilt except members of the nobility or owners of estates?"

Then he added suddenly: "What tartan did you wear?"

"I don't know anything about tartans," said Mr. Sears. Then he showed the kilt, and the old man was keenly amused.

"You were very fortunate," he said. "In that country the tribal feeling is as strong as it was when the Campbells massacred the Glencoe folk. By mere chance you picked out a Macdonald tartan, and they took you for a prominent member of the family. But if you had worn the Campbell tartan there, where they couldn't understand your explanation——!" And the man paused suggestively.

The Case Against Early Rising

Some time ago it was stated in the newspapers that an "Early to Bed Club" had been organized by society leaders in Washington, and an "Early Hour League" in Philadelphia, the object of which was to introduce a reform in the hours for evening entertainments. In Washington lectures were to be delivered by specialists on the necessity of more sleep at night by society people, and against the too prevalent practice of turning night into day. The movement was certainly a praiseworthy one; but, to make it successful, early rising, it seems to us, should have been included among its objects.

Touching the wisdom and expediency of the last named practice men have differed, and, doubtless, will continue to differ to the end of time. The great preacher, Robert Hall, used to say that the real question is not at what time you get up, but what you do after you are up. The famous orator, playwriter and wit, Thomas Sheridan, who was evidently not a worshiper of the sun, used to say that he did not belong to the *rising* generation. Though often "on a lark" at night, he did not feel like rising with the lark in the morning, but hugged his pillow as fondly as did the poet Thomson, who inveighed eloquently in verse against the effeminacy of late risers and lay abed till noon—an inconsistency which an American poet, John G. Saxe, satirizes thus:

"Thomson, who sang about the 'Seasons,' said
It was a glorious thing to rise in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed
At ten o'clock A. M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice."

Sheridan, like another waggish Tom—Tom Hood—believed that the man who would be early *stirring* must be "a sprom."

Some fifty years ago Saxe wrote a facetious editorial for the Burlington, Vermont, Sentinel, in which he contended that there had been more deep planning, shrewd plotting, wise counseling and successful courting done in two hours of lamplight or moonlight than in any ten of sunlight since the world began.

"Say what you will," he declared, "people think more, and think better, in the deep shadows of the night than in the broad glare of the day. Think of beginning or finishing an epic poem between breakfast and dinner! The thing never was done, and never will be. An elaborate, polished production is said 'to smell of the lamp'—a plain hint that night is the time for study. In sooth, Apollo has no time to attend to

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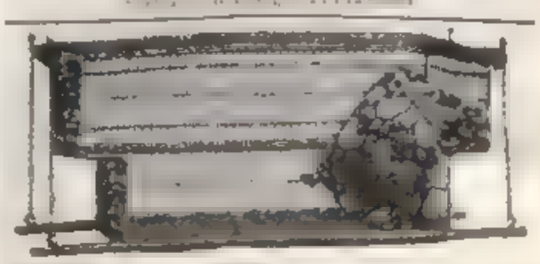

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his votaries until he has unharnessed his steeds from 'the Chariot of the Sun.'"

Did not Pope's best thoughts, it may be asked, come to him, like owls, in the night-time, and did not Swift, according to one of his contemporaries, "lie abed till eleven o'clock and think of wit for the day"?

Sir James Herring accounted for his inability to leave his pillow early in the morning by saying that he could make up his mind to it, but could not make up his body. The brilliant and versatile "Vivian" of the London Leader (George H. Lewes, the husband of George Eliot) used to assert that "there is magical influence in the morning air—the novelty of the sensation makes it delicious"; but, he added, "to enjoy early rising you must rise late; *then* you have the full, keen appetite for the newness of sensation which makes enjoyment healthy. You must not make early rising a debauch. Use it with rare and exquisite moderation!"

It is well, no doubt, to take Time "by the forelock"; but what if, in the effort to do so, one exhausts one's self too much to hold him? George Eliot, in one of her novels, portrays a thrifty farmer's wife who rose so early in the morning to do her work that by ten o'clock it was all over, and she was at her wit's end to know what to do with her day. Intemperance in early rising, like every other excess, is sure to bring its penalty with it. Nature will not be cheated out of her dues, and, if they are not paid in season, they will be exacted, with compound interest, out of season.

Josiah Quincy states in the "Life" of his father, President Quincy, of Harvard, that for many years the latter rose every morning, alike in summer and in winter, at four o'clock. The effect of this outrage upon Nature was that when his mind was not actively engaged he was sure, wherever he chanced to be—sometimes even in company, when the conversation flagged—to drop to sleep, and always as soon as he had seated himself in the gig or sulky in which he drove to town. One day he went with ex-President John Quincy Adams to the Dane Law School to hear Judge Story lecture. Welcoming them warmly, the Judge seated them on the dais by his side and went on expounding the law. Soon afterward, glancing his eye at his guests to see how they were impressed by his *dicta*, he perceived that they were both sound asleep, and that the class saw it also. Pausing a moment in his rapid speech, he pointed to the sleeping figures and, in tones of warning, said:

"Gentlemen, you see before you two melancholy examples of the effects of early rising."

Rubáiyát of O. Lazyman

By W. D. Nesbit

I

Wake! For the sun has scattered into flight
The stars that flecked the freckle-face of night,
And incense-breathing morn is here again.
Yet, oh, to sleep some more is my delight!

II

The loud alarum rings above my head
And thrills the atmosphere about my bed.
Ah, had I but the making of all things,
Ere yet the man had made it he were dead!

III

"Arise! The health-food on the table steams!"
A voice adown the hallway reads my dreams.
And through the casement float the sounds of feet
Of men who hurry on to work their schemes.

IV

Outside I hear my neighbor's growling pup,
Below there is the clink of dish and cup—
Ah, what a sorry scheme of life it is
That all things thus conspire to wake me up!

V

Methinks the Seven Sleepers, when all's said,
Were men who to the joys of sleep were bred—
Who knew the gracious pillow at its best,
And loved the luring ease of morning bed.

VI

And when the last awak'ner slow shall creep
To rouse the slumb'ring ones on land and deep,
May he have feeling for my morning nap,
And say: "How he enjoys it! Let him sleep!"

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Literary Folk—Their Ways and Their Work

A Laureate's Tale of Love

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published Mr. Alfred Austin's latest verses, A Tale of True Love, and Other Poems, in a very attractive form. The book is beautifully printed and bound, light in the hand and restful to the eye. It is dedicated glowingly to Mr. Roosevelt, and prefaced with an introduction to the American public, in which the Laureate defends his office with warmth from the charge—never brought against it—of "courtly servility," and conveys to us the comfortable assurance that he is at liberty to write just when and what he pleases. We are also entreated to believe that his song expresses our "racial thoughts and racial sentiments," as well as those of Great Britain; for that England and America, "like Knights of the Round Table, both go in search of the modern Holy Grail—the freedom, the dignity, the intellectual evolution of mankind."

We had no idea we were as good as that. Reading it, we feel like the infant Leigh Hunt when the ladies were petting and praising him at a children's party. "They little know that I'm the boy who said 'damn.'" Mr. Austin's opinion of his country's foreign policy is embodied with charming simplicity in these lines:

"But with the morrow's dawn there came the tidings
How that a crafty, freedom-loathing race,
Its schemes unmasked, had come from out its hidings,
And flung defiance in its suzerain's face;
Then on his open territories burst,
Proclaiming these annexed unto its rule accursed.
Then England said, 'I must endure no longer
This long-conspiring, now presumptuous brood,
But must assert the scepter of the stronger
Against their vaporings vain and challenge rude,
Who have against me their false flag unfurled,
Urged to their ruin by an empire-envying world."

If Mr. Austin ever wearies of his Muse a splendid field awaits him in history.

A Tale of True Love, from which the volume takes its name, is very long, and more than a little puzzling. A maiden named Egeria drops from no place in particular upon the lordly estate of Avoncourt, and is obligingly conducted over the house and grounds by Sir Alured,

"Of manly mould and meditative mien,"

who is wandering about, evidently waiting for visitors. This is their first guileless conversation.

"'Forgive,' she said, 'an overbold intruder!'
'I doubt if anywhere *you* would intrude;
But, sooth, none do on this survival Tudor,
Who visit its old age in reverent mood.'
'And that indeed I do. I never saw
Aught that I so admired, or felt for so much awe.'"

With this happy understanding, friendship swiftly ripens into love. It appears, however, that Sir Alured's affairs are sadly embarrassed, and on his confessing as much Egeria, in a transport of heroism—or astuteness—refuses to become

"A selfish bride and paralyzing wife,"

preferring, on the whole, to marry Sir Alured's wealthy tenant when he is compelled to rent Avoncourt. It seems like long-headed behavior, but this is not the impression that Mr. Austin means to convey.

"My Tale of True Love hath been truly told,
May it by some be read, and by it some consoled."

The prettiest verses in the book are those descriptive of Nature. There are some lines called "Winter" that remind us pleasantly of Cowper. We shiver a little as we read them, and we see the dormouse and the moldwarp scuttling softly into their narrow homes. The Laureate has a kindly touch when he writes of the wild things of the woods.

—Agnes Repplier.

The Baskerville Hound

It is rather a superfluous task to call attention to a book which everybody will read (The Hound of the Baskervilles, by A. Conan Doyle; *McClure, Phillips & Co.*). For some weeks to come English reading humanity will, in a self-indulgent and cozy mood—the cooler the night the better—take up the staff and scrip of adventure, and stroll with Conan Doyle once more over the moor and fastnesses of the West Country. We start, as usual, at Baker Street, that nerve centre of so many pleasurable thrills, and move fast indeed to the fateful ending.

The villain is all we can desire; suspicious characters prove to be innocence itself, and Sherlock Holmes moves as incessantly and implacably as the shuttle of Fate, not forgetting as of yore to bully Doctor Watson, that incomparable Achates of the great man. There is a wholesome creeping of the flesh—a notable stopping and starting-up of the heart as the tale of the malefic hound and his infamous master advances. When the blood is too sluggish, and no pulsations follow close on these excellent mysteries, then the prudent-minded say that such stories are morbid. By no means! They increase circulation in the system, when after reading till the clock registers another day, we sleep dreamfully and arise full of a sense of impending doom, which, alas! never comes to pass in the tedium of the morrow. All this exhilaration is due to Sherlock Holmes—long may he die and come to life again in the keen pages of his creator! Not since Charles Dickens wrought has there appeared so vital a personality in English fiction; nay, hardly in life itself; for truly he seems a living man.

Whether it is the fashion of the hour, or the multitude of books to read, it is hard to say; but it is certain that people do not now talk over characters in novels as they used to do not so very long ago. In the early days of the Civil War, Wilkie Collins' Woman in White appeared in serial form. It is recalled by an earlier generation that the interest of the progressing narrative served to relieve the gloom and tension of those fateful days. Conan Doyle's creation is similarly welcome because it lifts the tired man or woman not above, perhaps, but certainly outside of, the common grind. I know a middle-aged professor of law in a great university who in his excitement had to put moral restraint upon himself to keep from buying The Hound of the Baskervilles in book form, rather than wait for the last chapter in the Strand. There surely is some normal impulse in the mind to flit occasionally, as to the beach or mountains, into the unreal world, to the other side of things, where somehow even the most practical and rational of us are fain to spend some portion of our busy lives. *—Lindsay Swift.*

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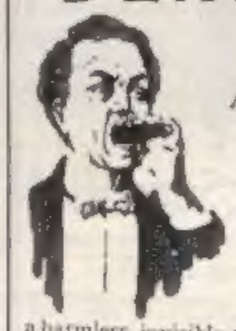

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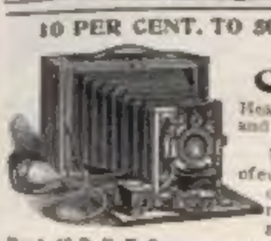

Headquarters for Buying, Selling and Exchanging Cameras or Lenses.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES of every description. The bargains we offer will surprise you. *Your* and—new 48-page Illustrated Catalogue and Bargain List—mailed free.

Dept. 17 E, N. Y. Camera Exchange, 114 Fulton Street, New York

ALABASTINE We want to tell you of the durable and sanitary wall coating, ALABASTINE, and of the beautiful effects that you can get without using poisonous paper or glue kalsomines. Write for free information.

ALABASTINE CO., 20 N. Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Art of

Advertising Taught by Mail

by a system devised by ten of the best advertising authorities in America. It prepares young men and women for a paying profession that has many openings waiting competent pupils.

If already employed it makes you more valuable to your employer by qualifying you to handle the advertising. Merchants can increase their business by learning how to improve their advertising.

The instructions are completed in three months. Write for terms and booklet that will convince you of the profitable opportunities open to you.

CAHN, WAMPOLD & Co., Wholesale Clothiers, CHICAGO, ILL. F. P. Barker.

WITT K. COCHRANE, President, Chicago College of Advertising.

DEAR SIR: Mr. Barker whom you sent us is doing splendidly up to date. We are very well pleased. Very truly yours, F. C. CAHN.

Chicago College of Advertising

Suite D, Isabella Building, Chicago, Illinois

Now We Have It!

A PERFECT SQUARE STEAM COOKER WITH DOORS

Don't miss it. Large meal cooked over one burner. Wonderful saving of fuel and labor. Get it for your home and summer cottage. Write for circulars. Special rate for ten days. Used on any kind of stove. AGENTS WANTED. $30 to $40 a week can be made. Now is the time to sell cookers.

OHIO STEAM COOKER CO. 56 Ontario Building, TOLEDO, OHIO

Shattuck School

FARIBAULT, MINN.

Founded by Bishop Whipple in 1865

Prepares for best Universities. Excellent moral, intellectual, military, athletic training in exceptional climate. Charming home and school for twenty boys, seven to twelve, wholly separate. Catalogues interest parents who want the best. Re-opens September 16th.

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"Do Not STAMMER YOU CAN BE CURED."

Dr. Winston, Principal Valley Seminary, Waynesboro, Va., was cured by Dr. Johnston after stammering fifty years. Have cured hundreds of others. 80-page book sent free. The Philadelphia Institute—the pioneer school for stammerers, 1033 and 1043 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia. E. S. Johnston, President and Founder, who cured himself after stammering 40 years.

18th Year

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SUMMER TERM opens JULY 16 for 8 weeks

FALL TERM for year 1902-1903 opens SEPT. 30

Eleventh Year. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

CHAS. A. STILES, B. S., Ave. E, Ithaca, N.Y.

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Nearly 10,000 appointments made last year. Chances better for 1902. Hundreds of those who have been appointed were prepared *by mail* by us. Established 1893. Full particulars free concerning government positions, salaries paid, examinations—when and where held, our methods, etc. Write to-day.

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SUMMER HOMES IN VERMONT

LAKE CHAMPLAIN and THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

Illustrated Book with complete list of hotels and boarding-houses. Board $4 per week and upward. Mailed for 4c. postage.

A. W. ECCLESTONE, S. P. A. C. V. Ry., 385 Broadway, N. Y.

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FREE OPINION as to patentability and no attorney's fee for prosecuting the application until the patent is allowed. Twenty years' experience. Send for *Inventor's Guide*.

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.

apt to display itself in the descendants of a race who have suffered persecution for the sake of principle, that he would work out into the great world. His early life, face to face with Nature on that Canadian farm, served as an invaluable training.

His parents gave him the best education that the region afforded, and then his first thoughts turned to teach others. Since then his life has been devoted to education and to books. For some seven years he taught in isolated schools and in a lumbering town; then he went to distant Winnipeg; after that he went far east to Toronto, and established an educational journal. He gradually made a name for himself, and about fifteen years ago went to Boston to continue his work amid surroundings which offered to him broader possibilities.

As an original worker he became widely known. For four years he furnished two columns, daily, to the Chicago Record. He formed a connection with the Drexel Institute as managing director. He wrote a number of books, some of which had an extraordinarily wide sale.

Some years ago there came to him a great idea. Why could not the Congressional Library be made a benefit to the entire country through systematic distribution through the general post-office? He took the matter up eagerly with public men, but received no encouragement. Then, thinking steadily along the lines thus suggested, there at length grew up in his mind the idea of the Booklovers Library.

This library was organized and incorporated only two years ago—in June of 1900—but has already become by far the greatest distributing library of the world. It is established in fifty cities; within a few months it will have branches in London and Paris; and the Tabard Inn, an outgrowth of the Booklovers, already has some eight hundred stations.

The Booklovers Library delivered to its subscribers, during the past year, the astounding number of 6,000,000 books.

An interesting and striking face is that of the man who originated this great system; a face which is pleasing, genial, keen and shrewd. The forehead is high and square, the eyes deep set, with high-arched curves above. His fingers are long and restless, and when he leans forward, deeply in earnest, he is apt to clasp and interlock them.

His home is at Lansdowne, one of the most charming of the many charming suburbs of Philadelphia.

The Race of the Books

By Joe Cone

FIRST Audrey had The Right of Way.
Then David Harum led,
With Eben Holden holding fast
Kate Bonnet's pretty head.
The Pines of Lory threw a shade
Across The Beaten Track;
The Lady Paramount declared
The Leopard's Spots were black.
Then Uncle Terry lit his light
The Kentons for to spy;
Then Quincy Adams Sawyer yelled:
"We saw-yer, Dr'i and I!"
Up came young Richard Carvel with
The Conquerot, mouth and mouth;
The Claybornes next, in mad pursuit
Of Pretty Dorothy South.
Patriot and Tory, side by side,
Rockhaven, white and wet,
With Blennerhassett, neck and neck
With Mademoiselle Fouchette.
The Mississippi Bubble burst
All over Angelot;
The Tory Lover tried to find
The Country God Forgot.
Then Mary Garvin, with a dash
Went by The Crimson Wing,
And led Ben Hur, The Outlaw, to
The Presence of the King.
The God of Things took Bread and Wine
And to The Rescue came;
Red Pottage broke at Sunwich Port,
And Wistons quit the game.
Policeman Flynn, Within the Gates,
Yelled loudly, "Peace; Be Still!"
When Trilby, Kim and all the rest
Got stuck on Bylow Hill.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Bright, breezy stories, a strong serial, an abundance of humor, and a group of unusually important and timely special articles will make The Saturday Evening Post the ideal magazine for holiday reading. Each week's issue contains as many stories and articles *that one wishes to read* as the bulky and expensive magazines.

Readers of the magazine are urged to renew their subscriptions at least two weeks before the old one expires. This is the only way in which they may be sure of receiving the magazine without a break. Subscriptions received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following; if received after that day, they will commence one week later.

Papers by De Blowitz

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST announces for early publication what is perhaps the most interesting and important series of articles that will appear in any American magazine this year: The Recollections of Monsieur de Blowitz. For more than thirty years M. de Blowitz has been the Paris correspondent for the London Times. His unique knowledge of European politics and diplomacy has put him on a plane with the most brilliant statesmen of Europe, and has brought him into close personal relations with Emperors, Kings, Prime Ministers, and the chief makers of the recent history of the great Powers.

The Money Kings of the World

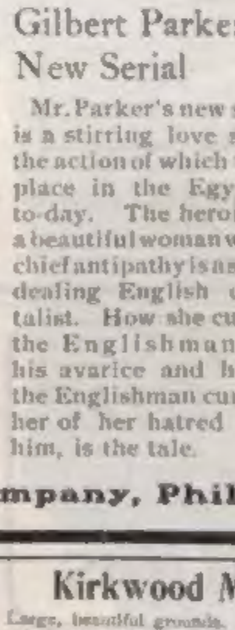
By W. T. Stead. This is the general title of six extraordinary articles by the Editor of the (London) *Review of Reviews* on such men as Morgan, Witte and Rothschild. Mr. Stead's remarkable insight and his clear perception of underlying essentials, joined with his rugged, colorful mode of writing, result in a series of most striking pictures of the contemporary kings of finance.

Stories by C. M. Flandrau

Billy in Burma. The story of an American college man and his curious wooing of the girl he met at Rangoon.

The Beauty Doctor

A droll tale of a "beauty specialist" and the havoc she wrought on the feminine complexions of a Western city.



The Adventures of a Titled Fortune-Hunter.

The hero of these droll adventures is a foreign nobleman who comes to America in search of an heiress. He is promptly taken up by the smart set of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago. In each city he meets with some absurd and distressing adventure; and, in revenge, he tells what he has learned of American society and satirizes the foibles and distinctive peculiarities of the smart sets of the various social centres.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

A special feature of summer issues will be a new series of the popular and amusing Letters from a Self-Made Merchant. The new series carries Pierrepont to the end of his worst troubles.

Gilbert Parker's New Serial

Mr. Parker's new serial is a stirring love story, the action of which takes place in the Egypt of to-day. The heroine is a beautiful woman whose chief antipathy is a slave-dealing English capitalist. How she cured the Englishman of his avarice and how the Englishman cured her of her hatred for him, is the tale.

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$175.00 FOR BEST TWO STORIES for BOYS

We offer One Hundred and Seventy-five Dollars in cash for the best two stories for boys, sent us before November 15—$100.00 for the best, $75.00 for the second best. Length of story not material. Fair cash price paid for other manuscripts accepted. Address BOYS' WORLD, David C. Cook Publishing Company, Elgin, Ill.

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Large, beautiful grounds. Numbers limited; instruction individual; moral training of the highest. Prepares for college or business. Twenty-first year begins September 18, 1902. Send for catalog. Col. EDWARD A. HAIGHT, Kirkwood, Mo.

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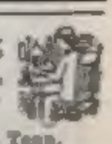
BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND, PENMANSHIP etc., successfully taught by mail or no charges. POSITIONS secured. 10,000 students. Booklet free. Add. Dept. 10



DRAUGHON'S BUS. COL., Nashville, Tenn.

Glendale College A HOME SCHOOL FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Suburban to Cincinnati. Ideally located. A happy, healthy home school. College preparatory and collegiate courses. Very attractive terms. Fall term begins Sept. 24. Address, MISS E. J. DE VORE, Glendale, O.

Ward Seminary for Young Ladies, Nashville, Tenn.

57th year begins Sept. 25. Literary Courses, Music, Art, Elocution. Certification to Wellesley, Baltimore Woman's College. Faculty, 30. Mild and equable climate. For Catalogue address J. D. BLANTON, LL. D., Box 4-Y.

The Science of Advertising

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1 The Mahin Method

A 72-page collection of valuable advertising matter containing reproductions of posters, street car cards, magazine and newspaper advertisements and a symposium presenting the **strongest claims for various kinds of advertising** by men who have made national reputations in the specialties on which they write. Here is a partial list:

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Home Papers by E. W. Spaulding
Advertising Director of The Ladies' Home Journal and The Saturday Evening Post.
Women's Papers by Thomas Balmer
Western Manager The Delineator.
Metropolitan Dailies by J. E. Verree
Chicago Representative 10 large Newspapers.
Local Dailies by A. W. Lee
President Lee Syndicate Iowa Newspapers.
Illustrated Weeklies by Conde Nast
Manager of Collier's Weekly.
Out-Door Advertising by O. J. Gude
President O. J. Gude Co., New York.
Bill Posting by R. C. Campbell
Manager American Posting Service.
Mail Order Papers by W. C. Hunter
Secretary Boyce's Monthly.
Street Cars by Barron G. Collier
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2 The Commercial Value of Advertising

A lecture delivered by John Lee Mahin at the University of Chicago, being an exposition of the vital principles underlying modern scientific advertising. This lecture contains matter full of interest and value to not only the advertiser but to all people who desire to keep in touch with the commercial progress of the present day.

3 Our Six Leaflets

THE "FOLLOW-UP" SYSTEM.
HOW A CONSTRUCTIVE FORCE REMOVES DIFFICULTIES.
THE VALUE OF AN INQUIRY.
MODERN BUSINESS METHODS.
TURNING INQUIRIES INTO ORDERS.
THE ADVERTISING OF THE FUTURE.

and the Science of Psychology are so harmonious that the application of the fundamental laws of Psychology is of the greatest value in influencing human minds—the real essence of advertising. To make Psychology of genuine service to advertisers the publishers of

Mahin's Magazine

have engaged Professor Walter Dill Scott, Director of the Psychological Laboratory of Northwestern University, to treat of the Psychological Element in Advertising.

The subjects of his articles already published are "Association of Ideas," in April, and "Suggestion," in May. "The Direct Command as a Form of Argumentation" appears in the June number, and "The Psychological Value of the Return Coupon in Advertising" will appear in July.

Professor Herbert L. Willett, Dean of the Disciples' Divinity House, the University of Chicago, will treat of the Ethical Element in Advertising.

The first article of his series, entitled "Do the Teachings of Jesus Countenance Advertising?" appeared in the May issue; in June, the subject is "False Pretenses in Advertising," and for July "The Advertising of Fictitious Bargains."

Mr. George B. Waldron, the eminent statistician, will treat of the Statistical Element in Advertising.

The first article of his series, entitled "The Drift of Population, Exhibited with Reference to General Movements, Territory, Age, Sex, Nationality, etc.," appeared in the May issue; "American Cities of To-day" appears in June, and "The Hum of the Factory" will be the subject in July.

Moreover, these articles do not comprehend all the contents.

MAHIN'S MAGAZINE is to be brimful of everything calculated to throw light on advertising in its various phases, whether newspaper, magazine, street car, out-door display, bill posting or the "follow-up system."

Send a dollar now for a year's subscription and get the benefit of these articles while they are most timely

Mahin's Magazine

200 Monroe Street **Chicago, Illinois**

10c will bring either April, May, June or July issues if you want to examine a copy before subscribing, but if you send $1.00 we will send you the magazine for 12 months, the Mahin Method, the University Lecture and the six leaflets. After you receive them if you are not satisfied we will refund your dollar—cheerfully.

A FREE sample copy mailed for the name of a news agent who has not Mahin's Magazine on sale

By the Author of

CONJUROR'S HOUSE

Recently Published in This Weekly

The Blazed Trail

A Story of Love and War in the Great Pine Woods

BY

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"One of the best American novels of the year."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"A remarkable addition to the literature of the pioneer West."
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Illustrated. 4th Edition. $1.50

The Hound of the Baskervilles

A Sherlock Holmes Novel

By Conan Doyle

"The zenith of Sherlock Holmes."
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His Adventures, East and West, are delightfully recorded

BY

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"Not since 'Roughing It' has there been such a fresh example of typical American humor."
—*Los Angeles Express.*

"Good for what the Germans call 'Katzenjammer.'"
—*Detroit Free Press.*

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McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.
141 East 25th Street, New York

Big Four

Not only operates in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky,

2,400 Miles

of the best constructed and finest equipped railroad in America, but also maintains magnificent through train service in connection with the New York Central, Boston & Albany, and other roads.

Write for folders

WARREN J. LYNCH, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt.
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OBERLIN SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Oberlin, O.

SINGLE TUBE

Supreme in Their Respective Fields!

These are the only tools you will need.

The HARTFORD SINGLE TUBE
FOR BICYCLES, AUTOMOBILES, AND OTHER VEHICLES
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They were the Original Pneumatic Tires of their respective types. To-day they still have a world-wide fame for their excellence of design and construction. This would never have been gained had not each pair been made as if our very reputation depended upon their quality. Let us advise you regarding the proper size and weight of tire best adapted to your needs. Our Branch Houses are located in principal cities.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS COMPANY
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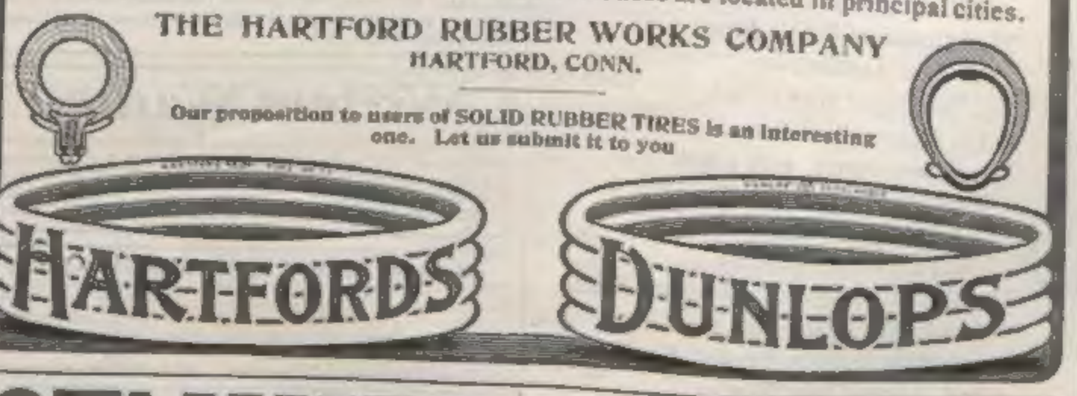
Our proposition to users of SOLID RUBBER TIRES is an interesting one. Let us submit it to you



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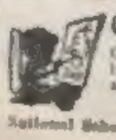
Our 180-page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering" sent Free to any address. Enclose 6 cents to pay postage.
LEWIS STAMMERING SCHOOL, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.



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